

G.I.  
JOE

Pride of the Infantry... THE PHANTOM COMPANY

NO. 20  
APRIL

10¢

# G.I. Joe



The YARDBIRDS in a Laff Riot...  
**GENERAL CONFUSION**



Joe Joins the Comanches...  
**THE VANISHING AMERICAN**

Baker's John L. Sullivan...  
**THE RING DANCER**





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# Magic Dutch Rock Garden

## Grows in 4 DAYS



only  
**\$1.00**

**Grows  
in 4 Days  
Lasts for months  
in any season**

**Winter-Summer,  
Spring or Fall  
Grow grasses green  
and flowers tall.**



Boys & girls, here's exciting news. News about something entirely different! Now, you can grow a real garden of your very own—right in your own home. Yes, here's an amazing

### EVERYTHING YOU NEED

You get all these items—you don't need anything else. Plenty of Magic grass seeds . . . Magic soil. Lovely flower seeds . . . Practical, attractive container . . . Bright colored metal butterflies. Little Dutch boy and girl . . . American Flag . . . Parasol that opens and closes simulated rocks. Cute ceramic dog . . . Many other exciting features.

magic garden you set up and plant yourself in a few minutes. Grow real grass and flowers in just a few days! You'll thrill to the magic of Mother Nature as you watch the grass sprout and the flowers take root and grow right before your eyes. In no time at all you'll have a colorful, healthy garden—and what a kick you'll get playing gardener, cutting the grass, watering the plants, and tending the lovely sweet-smelling flowers. You can even clip a beautiful bunch of flowers for mom, or friend. All your friends will wonder how you were able to make things grow—They'll all want you to show them how!

Over a hundred square inches of garden — Special wishing pool in the center — An American flag and pole — Two attractive butterflies that look like they're flying — Your own container. Just look at the list!

### For Boys and Girls of All Ages

Here's a beautiful garden all your own for just a single dollar bill. You'll have hours of fun. You'll surprise your family and friends with what you know and what you can do!

### 10 Day Trial FREE

If you are not 100% delighted with this Garden just send it back. We will refund the full purchase price at once. Rush Coupon now!



### RUSH COUPON NOW!

Honor House Products Corp. Dept. G.I.  
400 MADISON AVE., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

Rush my Magic Dutch Rock Gardens on approval for only \$1.00. If I am not completely satisfied I may return it for prompt refund of full purchase price.

☐ I enclose \$1.00 for my garden.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_





# G.I. Joe

in

## The PHANTOM COMPANY

YOU'VE ALL MET ZEB MCCrackEN, THE YOUNG SOLDIER-COMPOSER OF "BAKER" COMPANY. HERE, ONCE AGAIN, ZEB'S GUITAR PROVIDES THE CADENCE, AS THE FOOT-SORE MEN OF COMPANY "B" RETURN FROM BATTLE, SOMEWHERE IN KOREA...







A PIT! C'MON,  
YOU GUYS!  
DIVE IN!



WE GOTTA  
KEEP 'EM  
FROM  
CLOSIN' IN!

GEE, I HOPE  
THE OTHERS  
GOT THROUGH  
OKAY!

POW!  
POW!

PING!  
PING!

FOR HOURS, THE FIGHT CONTINUES. AND THEN,  
AS DARKNESS FALLS...



MAKE EVERY BULLET  
COUNT! WE'RE RUNNIN'  
LOW ON ---

LISTEN, SARGE...  
THEY STOPPED  
FIRIN'!

THAT MEANS THEY MUSTA RUN OUTA  
FLARES! DON'TCHA SEE? IT'S GETTIN'  
DARK AN' THEY DON'T WANNA WASTE  
NO AMMO! THEY'RE  
GONNA WAIT  
TILL MORNIN'!

ALL RIGHT, YOU  
GUYS! SAVE YOUR  
FIRE! AIN'T NOTHIN'  
TO DO BUT WAIT--  
AN' TRY TO FIGGER  
A WAY OUTA  
HERE!



AND THE LONG ORDEAL OF  
WAITING BEGINS. TENSION  
MOUNTS...



WHAT'RE WE  
WAITIN' FOR?  
WHY DON'T WE  
BLAST OUR WAY  
OUTA HERE? WE'LL  
BE SITTIN' DUCKS IN  
THE MORNIN'!

EASY, KID!  
WE'LL  
FIGGER A  
WAY OUT!

HEY, ZEB!  
GOT A  
SONG  
FER US?



THIS HERE SONG'S  
CALLED "THE  
PHANTOM COMPANY!"

PHANTOM  
COMPANY?  
NOW, THAT'S  
A NICE, PLEASANT  
THOUGHT AT A TIME  
LIKE THIS!

OH, THIS HERE IS  
A STORY  
'BOUT THE PHANTOM  
COMPAN-EE  
THEY WUZ LED BY  
CAP'N DAVY  
WHO WUZ ALL OF  
5 FOOT 3!







BUT HIS SIZE, IT DIDN'T  
MUCH MATTER,  
AN' HIS WEIGHT DIDN'T  
RAISE NO "BUTS,"  
CUZ WHAT HE LACKED  
IN SIZE AND WEIGHT  
HE MADE UP FER IN  
GUTS!

GEE! I  
KIN ALMOST  
SEE 'IM  
NOW!

NOW, THIS HERE PHANTOM COMPANY  
WUZ HOLED UP IN A CAVE,  
WHILE OUTSIDE THE FOE STOOD WAITIN'  
F TO MAKE EACH MAN A SLAVE!



BUT THESE WUZ MEN OF FREEDOM  
AN' SO THEY HELD THEIR GROUND.  
THEY STARVED FOR FIFTEEN DAYS AND NIGHTS  
BUT NEVER MADE A SOUND.

AN' JUST WHEN THINGS LOOKED BLACKEST,  
A FUNNY THING TOOK PLACE:  
A MOLE WHO'D STARTED DIGGIN' THERE,  
LOOKED UP FROM FACE TO FACE.



IT LOOKED LIKE HE WUZ TRYIN' HARD  
TO TELL 'EM WHAT TO DO,  
WHEN SUDDEN-LIKE THE CAP'N ROSE,  
AN' SAID, WHY SHUCKS! HE KNEW!

HE TOLD THE MEN TO  
FOLLER HIM  
AN' FIND THEMSELVES  
SHARP ROCKS,  
TO TAKE ALONG AN'..

WAIT! THAT'S  
IT! C'MON,  
WE'RE GONNA  
START DIGGIN'!







DIGGIN'? ARE YOU NUTS? WE CAN'T TUNNEL OUR WAY OUTA HERE!

TUNNEL--NO! BUT, LISTEN...



HMM! SOUNDS GOOD T' ME! OKAY, YOU GUYS! YOU HEARD WHAT THE MAN SAID! WE'RE GONNA START DIGGIN'!

THE MEN FIND AN OPENING IN THE ROCKS AND DIG A TRENCH-LIKE FURROW TOWARD THE ENEMY LINES...



KEEP PUSHIN' THAT DIRT BETWEEN YER LEGS! WE DON'T WANT TO SHOW UP OVER THE SIDES! THIS WAY THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE WHAT WE'RE DOIN' WHEN IT STARTS GETTIN' LIGHT!

AND AS DAWN APPROACHES...



LOOK! THERE THEY ARE!

GET DOWN! THEY'RE PROBABLY GETTIN' READY TO ATTACK! WE GOTTA DIG OUR WAY AROUND 'EM!



KEEP DOWN AN' DON'T MAKE NO NOISE! WE WANNA SURPRISE 'EM!



SUDDENLY...

AAAGH

AIEEE!

BLAM

RATATAT



THERE'S MORE OF 'EM THAN WE FIGGERED! THEY'RE PUTTIN' UP A FIGHT!

ZEB! THEY GOT ZEB!

RATATATAT

PING!





AND HOURS LATER, BACK AT CAMP...





AND IN BARRACKS...



NOW, IF YOU SHOULD FIND MY GAL A-SITTIN' ON SOME OTHER FELLER'S KNEE, TELL 'ER TO GET OFF AN' START A-KNITTIN' FOR THE PHANTOM COMPAN-EE!

AND SOON THE SONG BECOMES LEGEND. SOME TIME LATER, AT A HOSPITAL BEHIND THE LINES...



LOOKS LIKE YER SONG'S FAMOUS, ZEB! EVERYBODY'S SINGIN' IT! AN' THEY'RE CALLIN' US THE PHANTOM COMPANY!

IT'S SHORE ENOUGH A TRUE SONG, AIN'T IT? SOMEBODY SHOULDA WROTE A SONG ABOUT YOU FELLERS LONG BEFORE THIS!

WE'LL BE SHOVIN' OFF, ZEB. YOU PROB'LY WANNA GET SOME REST!

HECK, NO! AH'M GONNA CATCH UP ON MAH MAIL! AIN'T WROTE MAH FOLKS IN WEEKS!



A WEEK LATER...

JEST GOT A LETTER FROM MAH BOY, ZEB! A FINE SOLDIER, THAT BOY! AN' HE OUGHT T'BE! BEEN SOLDIERS IN OUR FAMILY FER GENERATIONS!



THAT THERE WUZ CAP'N DAVY MCCRACKEN! FOUGHT IN THE WAR FER INDEPENDENCE, HE DID! HE WUZ TRAPPED IN A CAVE WITH HIS MEN -- BUT THEY FINALLY GOT OUT!



QUITE A STORY, THAT ONE! REMIND ME T'TELL Y'ABOUT IT SOMETIME!

YES, SIR -- WE SHORE GOT FIGHTIN' MEN IN OUR FAMILY!



THE END



# G.I. Joe

## in The Ring Dancer

EVERYBODY LOVES TO WATCH A FIGHT... ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S UNUSUAL! PVT. JOE BURCH THOUGHT HE'D SEEN EVERYTHING, UNTIL SGT. MULVANEY INVOLVED HIM IN A PRIZEFIGHT WITH A BRITISHER WHO FOUGHT IN MORE THAN AN "UNUSUAL" STYLE -- MUCH TO MULVANEY'S REGRET! OUR STORY OPENS IN A REAR ECHELON AREA. "BAKER" COMPANY HAS BIVOUACKED NEXT TO A BRITISH OUTFIT...



BLIMEY! THEM YANKS NEED **EXPERIENCE** IN STRETCHIN' CANVAS!

OH, THEY'VE 'AD **EXPERIENCE**, PUTTIN' UP THEIR **WIGWAMS** BACK 'OME!

BREAK IT OFF, OR I'LL CUT DOWN ON YER FISH 'N' CHIPS!

BOY! I CAN SEE WHERE THIS IS GONNA BE **GREAT BIVOUACKIN'** -- NEXT TO A BUNCH O' **TOMMIES!**



IF YOU YANKS'D LIKE **INSTRUCTIONS** IN THE ART O' TENT-PITCHIN', DON'T 'ESITATE TO CALL ON US!

G'WAN! YOU'D RUIN YER MANICURE!



'ERE, YOU BLOKES, BACK T'YER POSTS! STOP BOTHERIN' TH' BEFUDDLED YANKS!



LOOKIT TH' **SIZE O'** THAT **BEEF-EATER!**

HE LOOKS LIKE AN ESCAPED WALRUS! WONDER WHO HE IS!





PLEASED T'MEET  
YOU, LADS!  
**SNITTERFIELD'S**  
THE NAME! LOOKS  
LIKE WE'RE GOIN'  
T'BE NEIGHBORS!  
LUCKY FOR YOU  
CHAPS!

IT WASN'T **LUCK**,  
**SNITTERFIELD**! WE  
HAD T'GIT A  
**SPECIAL** OKAY  
FROM **WASHINGTON**  
TO CAMP NEXT TO  
YER **GREAT**  
OUTFIT!

AND WE  
HAD TO **PROMISE**  
NOT TO BOTHER  
YOUR BOYS AT  
**TEA TIME**!



HM-M-M! LOOKS LIKE YOU  
CHAPS NEED A LESSON IN  
'OW **REAL** FIGHTIN' MEN  
ACT IN COMBAT—AND  
IN THE **RING**!

IF YA  
MEAN **PRIZEFIGHTIN'**  
—THAT TAKES  
**ABILITY**!



HAW-HAW-HAW!! **ABILITY**,  
IS IT? WELL, OLD FELLOW,  
WE'VE GOT THE WORLD'S  
**GREATEST** RING FIGHTER  
IN OUR OUTFIT!  
CORPORAL KEITH  
PITTMAN'S 'IS  
NAME!



TH' **GREATEST**? THAT'S  
**IMPOSSIBLE**! WE  
GOT TH' TOP  
PRIZEFIGHTER  
EAST O' FRISCO!

OH? BRING ON TH'  
LAD, SERGEANT! LET'S  
'AVE A LOOK AT 'IM!



WHY—ER, **JOE BURCH** IS  
OUR MAN! BEST LI'L OL'  
PRIZEFIGHTER IN  
TH' REGIMENT!  
**RIGHT**, BURCH?

SARGE! ER—  
GULP—I'M—ER  
—OUT OF  
CONDITION!



SERGEANT, YOU'VE GOT  
A MATCH! 'OW ABOUT  
'AVIN' TH' FIGHT ONE  
WEEK FROM TONIGHT?

IT'S A DEAL, **SNITTERFIELD**!  
AN' YER MAN BETTER  
BE GOOD!

ATTA BOY, **JOE**!  
YOU'LL **MOIDER**  
TH' **TOMMY**!



BUT I'VE NEVER  
BOXED IN A  
**RING** IN  
MY LIFE!

DON'T WORRY,  
**JOE BOY**! OL'  
CARP'LL GIVE YA  
SOME TIPS! I WAS  
**KING** O' TH' RING  
AT TH' YMCA!



LATER THE FOLLOWING DAY...

JOLLY IDEA, THIS MATCH, LEFTENANT!

IF IT TAKES THE MEN'S MIND OFF THE WAR IT WILL ACHIEVE ITS PURPOSE, CAPTAIN RUTHERFORD!



BRING YER RIGHT CLOSER TO YER CHIN, JOE, AN' KEEP YER LEFT COCKED FER JABBIN'!

YER STANCE IS GOOD, JOE — BUT WATCH YER CROSSOVER!



WOT'S YER LAD'S WEIGHT, MULVANEY?

185 — STRIPPED!

FAIR ENOUGH! OUR PITTMAN WEIGHS IN AT 130 — AFTER TWELVE BEERS!



WHAT'RE YA TRYIN' T'SET UP — A MURDER? THAT'S 55 POUNDS DIFFERENCE IN WEIGHT!

THAT'S TH' KIND O' HANDICAP PITTMAN LIKES TO 'AVE! MATTER OF FACT, IT'S A SHAME BURCH IS SO LIGHT!

SAY, BUSTER — WHEN CAN WE TAKE A LOOK AT YER GREAT PITTMAN?



BLIMEY, I MEANT T'TELL YOU! OUR LAD PITTMAN IS QUITE SHY! NEVER LIKES T'AVE ANYONE WATCHIN' WHILE 'E TRAINS! NOTHIN' SECRET, Y' KNOW — JUST SHY!

SOUNDS LIKE PITTMAN'S A BAD INSURANCE RISK, SPOTTIN' A GUY 55 POUNDS FOR A FIGHT!



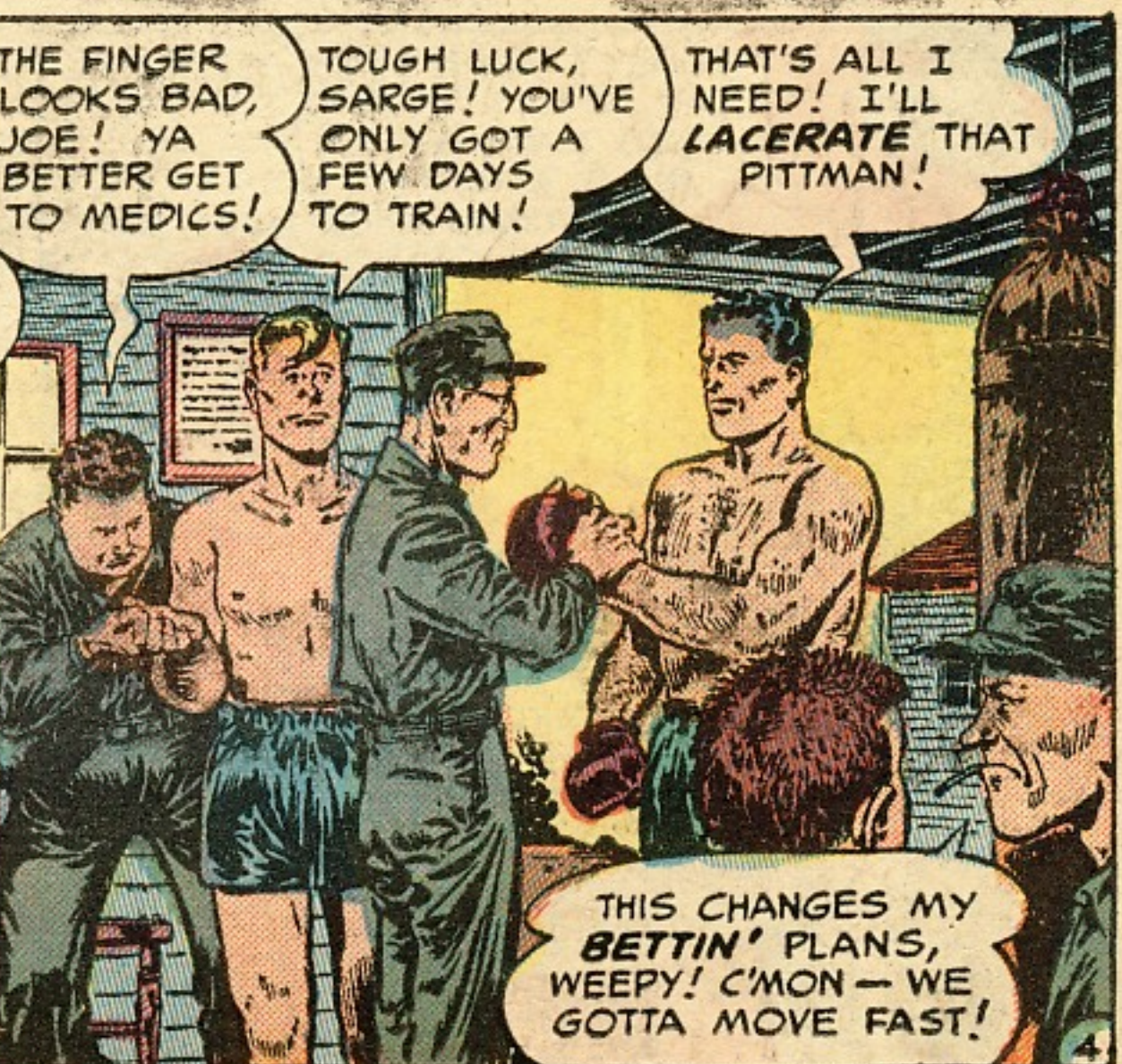
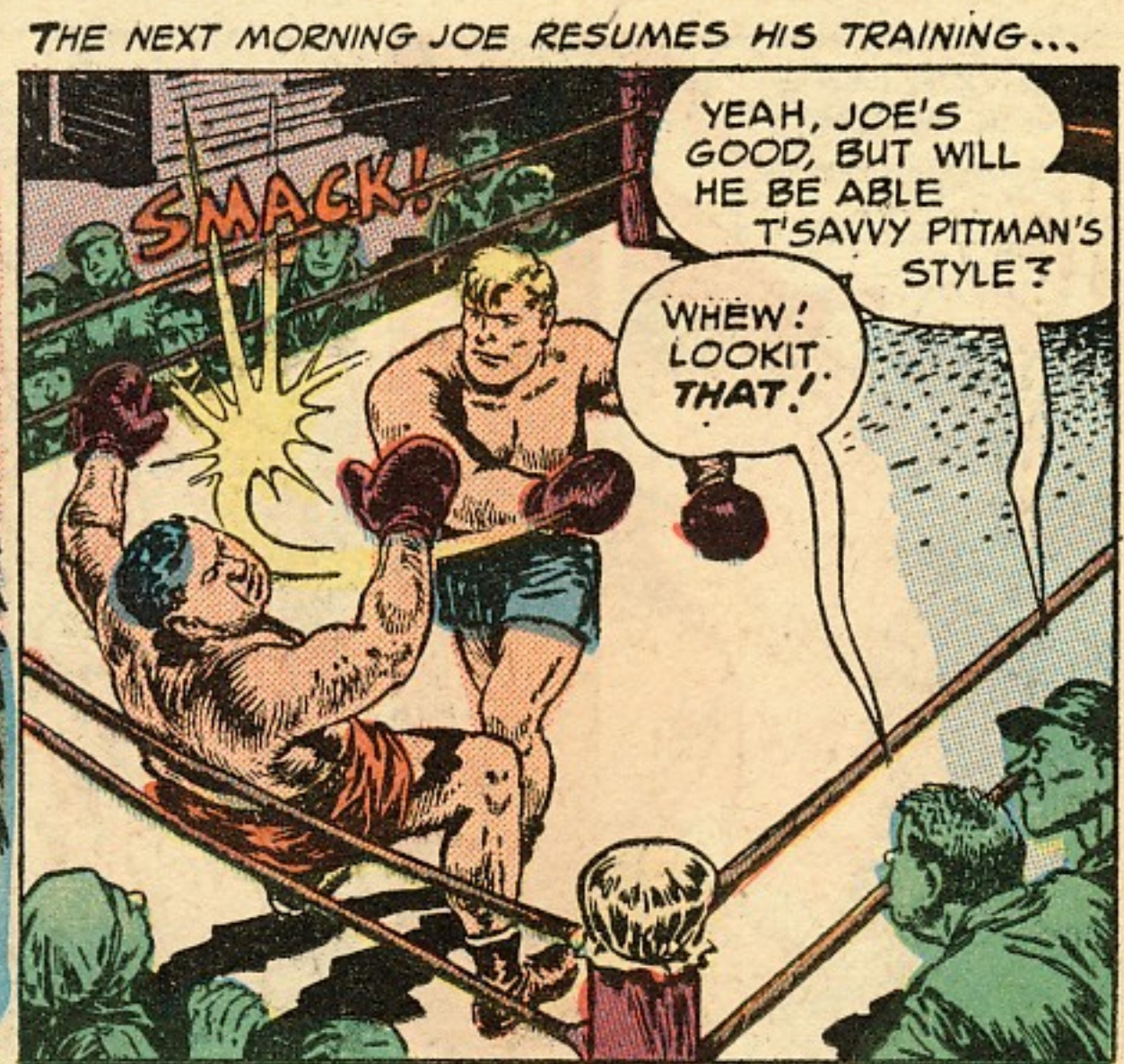
MINUTES LATER...

WEEPY, I GOTTA GET A LOOK AT THIS PITTMAN! THERE'S SOMETHIN' PHONY ABOUT THIS DEAL! A GUY COULD LOSE DOUGH IF HE BET WRONG!

LET'S TALK TO A FEW TOMMIES, STRETCH! WE MIGHT LEARN SOMETHIN'!











DIS IS LIKE TAKIN' CANDY FROM A BABY! MULVANEY'LL **MURDER** PITTMAN, STRETCH! YA MUST BE NUTS!

I'M A SPORTIN' MAN! LONG SHOTS'RE MY SPECIALTY! BESIDES, WHAT'S MONEY — EH, WEEPY?

YOU'RE LEAVIN' YERSELF WIDE OPEN, SARGE! Y'GOTTA **COVER** AFTER A JAB!

**UGH!** YOU'RE MAKIN' A GOOD BET! MULVANEY'S SOMETHIN' FIERCE! I'M BETTIN' ON PITTMAN FER TH' LAUGHS! TH' SARGE BETTER TIGHTEN UP, OR HE'LL **KNOCK HIMSELF OUT!**



**THIS'LL NAIL YA -- ER?**

**UGH!**

**SPLAT!**

GIT TH' SMELLIN' SALTS! HOOSIER'LL NEED A WHOLE CRATE OF 'EM!

TH' ONLY SAFE ONE IN THE RING IS **CARP!**

THE DAY OF THE FIGHT...



**BIG BOUT! 10 ROUNDS TONITE!**

U.S. SGT. MULVANEY vs. B.R.F. CPL. KEITH PITTMAN  
BATTLE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF KOREA!

IT PAINS ME TO BET AGAINST ME OWN SARGE, BUT I LIKE T'MAKE TH' BRITISH FEEL GOOD! IT'S ME **GOOD NEIGHBOR** POLICY!

YOU'RE A REAL SPORT, STRETCH!

THAT NIGHT...



WHAT'S WITH ALL TH' YELLIN'? I CAN'T EVEN SEE TH' GUY!

RELAX, SARGE! HE'S GOT PLENTY OF SECONDS TO **CARRY HIM OUTA** THE RING!

WHO ARE THEY **KIDDIN'?** I'M GONNA FIGHT **HIM?**!

I NEVER SEEN A GUY LIKE HIM — IN OR **OUTA** TH' RING!!!

JUMPIN' CATFISH — THIS IS **IMPOSSIBLE!**





IT'S A GAG! I WON'T FIGHT THE GUY!! I'D BE ARRESTED FOR MURDER!

HOW'D HE PASS THE PHYSICAL FER TH' ARMY?

I SMELL SOME-THIN' FISHY - AN' IT AIN'T PITTMAN'S FEET!

SERGEANT SNITTERFIELD QUICKLY DISPELS THE UPROAR CAUSED BY PITTMAN'S APPEARANCE...

...AN' FURTHERMORE, PITTMAN DOUBTS SGT. MULVANEY WILL LAST **FIVE ROUNDS!** 'E'S WILLIN' T'BACK IT UP WITH A TWENTY-POUND WAGER!

I SEE SGT. MULVANEY ACCEPTS! RIGHT-HO! MAY TH' BEST MAN WIN....!

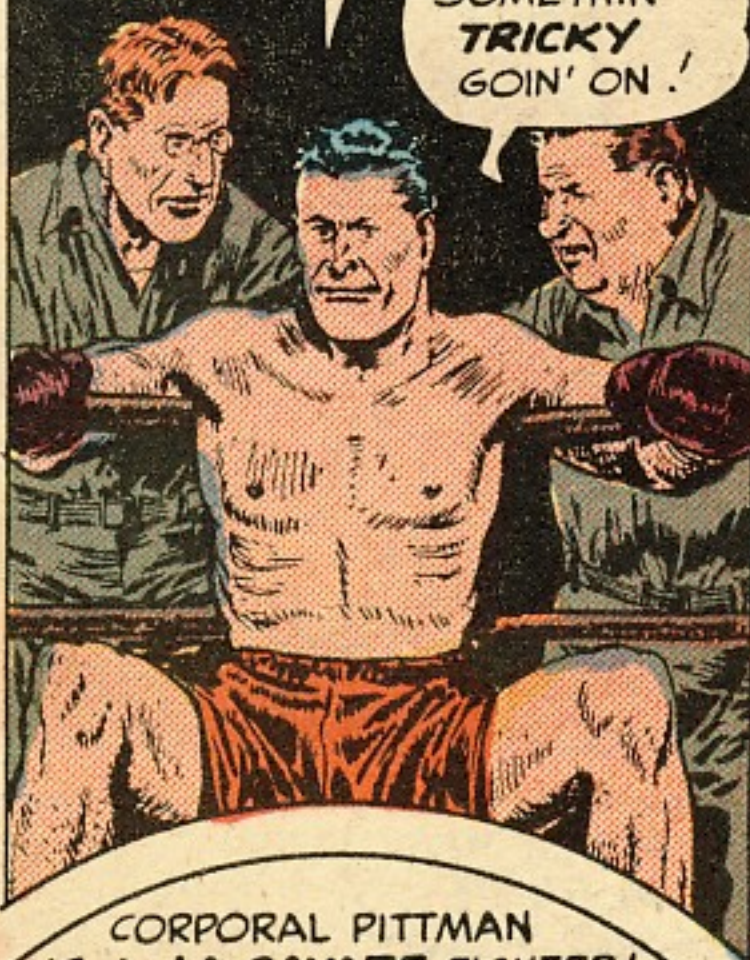


SECONDS LATER...

IT'S A CINCH, SARGE! TAKE YER TIME! Y'KIN FINISH HIM WITH **ONE PUNCH!**

WAIT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON TH' RUNT!

I'M WARNIN' YA, SARGE! WATCH IT! THERE'S SOMETHIN' **TRICKY** GOIN' ON!



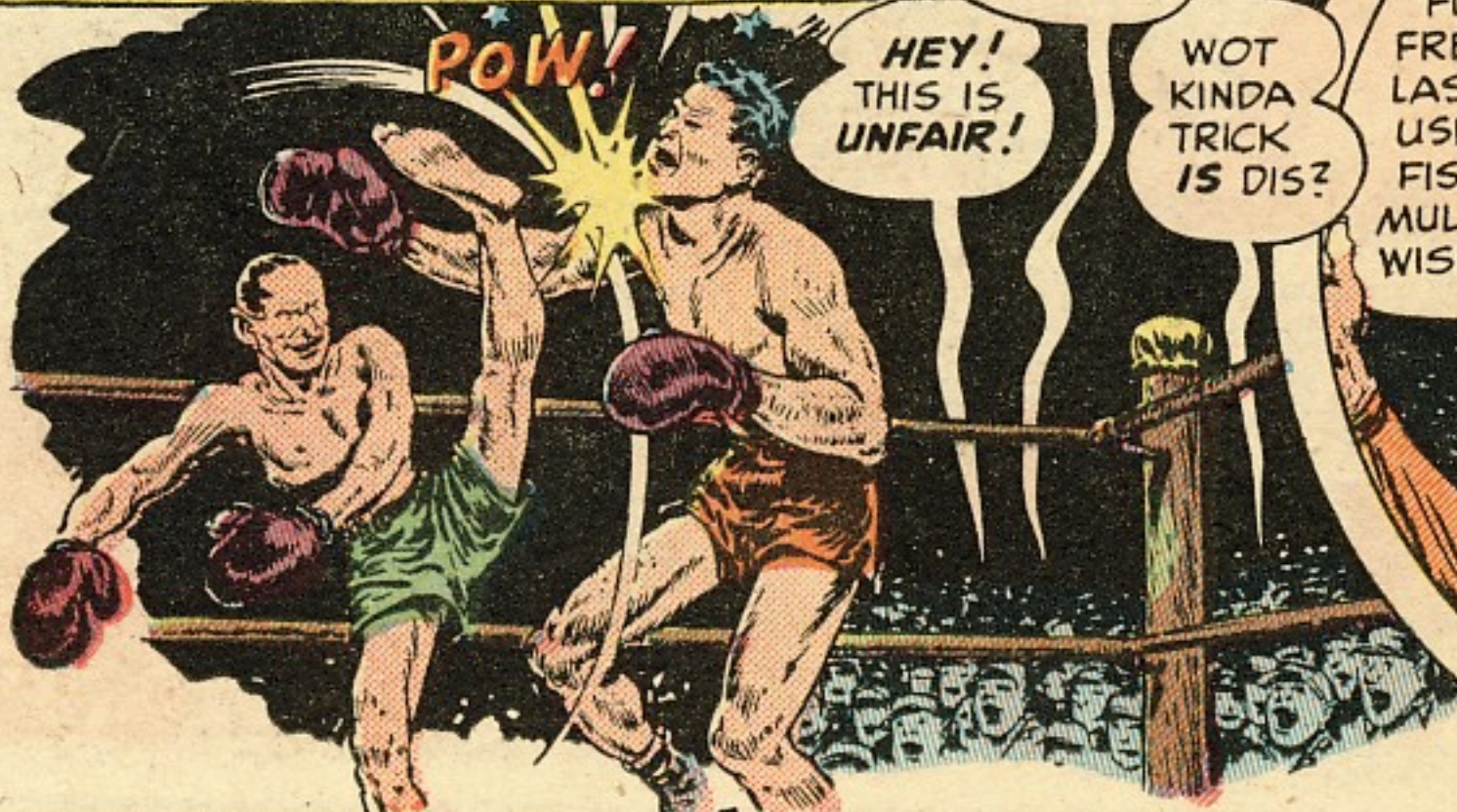
A FEW MOMENTS AFTER THE BELL, AND...

WHAT KINDA FIGHTIN' IS THAT?

HEY! THIS IS UNFAIR!

WOT KINDA TRICK IS DIS?

CORPORAL PITTMAN IS A **LA SAVATE** FIGHTER! CAPTAIN RUTHERFORD HAS JUST INFORMED ME THAT THE CORPORAL LEARNED **LA SAVATE** FIGHTING WHILE SERVING WITH THE FRENCH IN THE MAQUIS DURING THE LAST WAR! **LA SAVATE** PERMITS USE OF THE FEET AS WELL AS THE FISTS! NOW IT'S UP TO SERGEANT MULVANEY TO DECIDE WHETHER HE WISHES TO CONTINUE!



POW!

GOOD! MULVANEY'S GONNA CONTINUE TH' FIGHT! GET READY T'COLLECT FROM TH' SUCKERS, WEEPY!

'ATTA BOY, SARGE! YOU'LL LICK HIM!

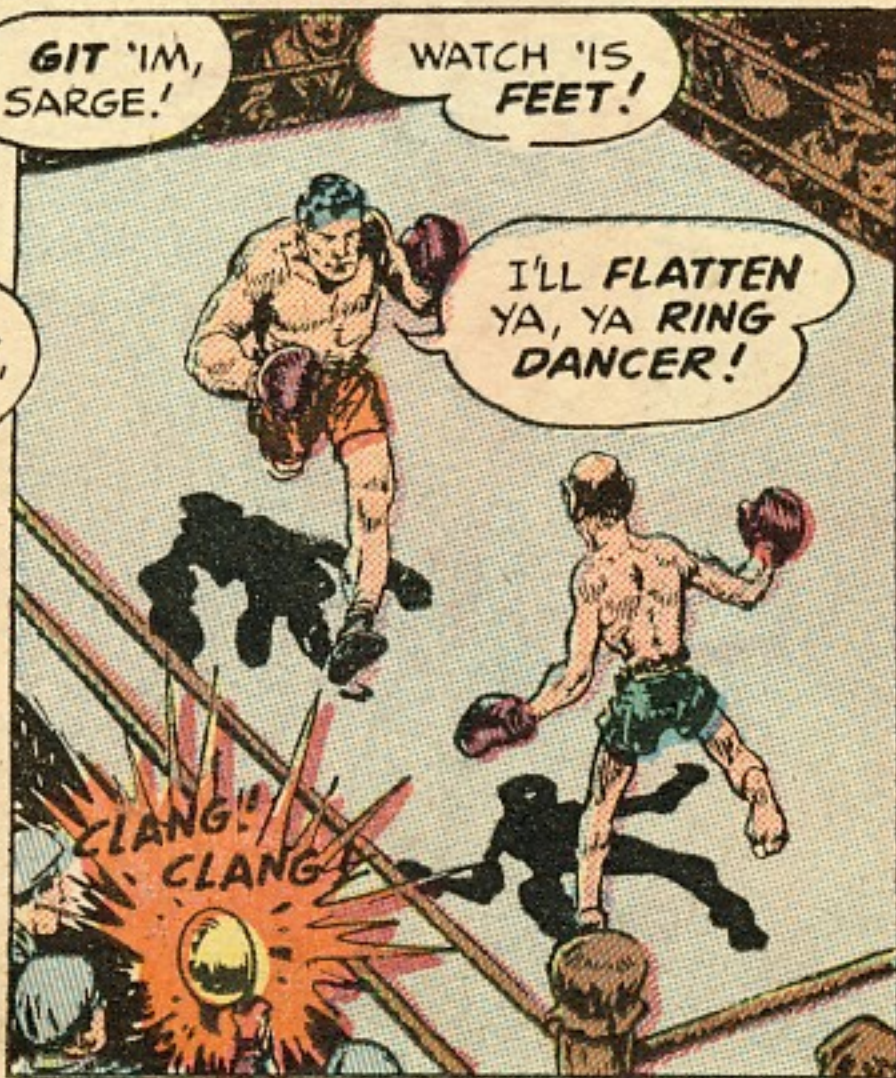
KICK 'IM OVER HERE, SARGE!

AT THE CLANG OF THE BELL, MULVANEY IS ACROSS THE RING...

GIT 'IM, SARGE!

WATCH 'IS FEET!

I'LL FLATTEN YA, YA RING DANCER!



CLANG! CLANG!

WHACK!

OH! TH' POOR SARGE!

MULVANEY'S FINISHED!





BUT AT THE COUNT OF NINE...

HE'S UP! NOW  
STAY AWAY FROM  
THOSE FEET,  
SARGE!

THAT'S TAKIN'  
IT, SARGE! NOW  
DISH IT OUT!!

SUDDENLY...

HEY, LOOK!  
WINSTON  
CHURCHILL!!!

YOU'RE NUTS!  
THAT AIN'T  
WINNIE! THAT'S  
JUST ANOTHER  
TOMMY!

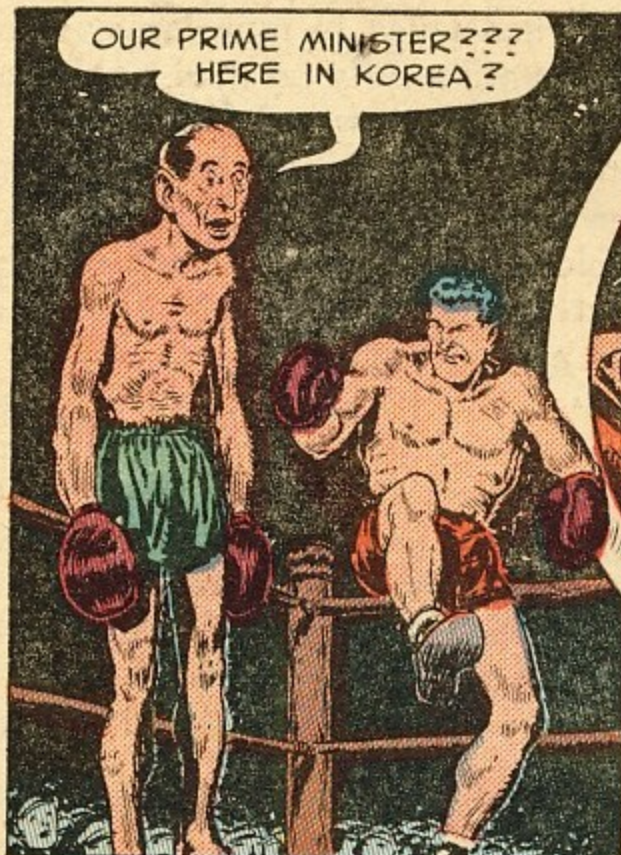
I KNEW  
I RECOGNIZED  
THAT FACE!

IT'S 'APPENED AGAIN,  
CECIL! WHEREVER I  
GO I'M MISTAKEN  
FOR OUR PRIME  
MINISTER!

BUCK UP,  
OLD CHAP! IT  
HAINT THE WORST  
THING THAT  
COULD 'APPEN!



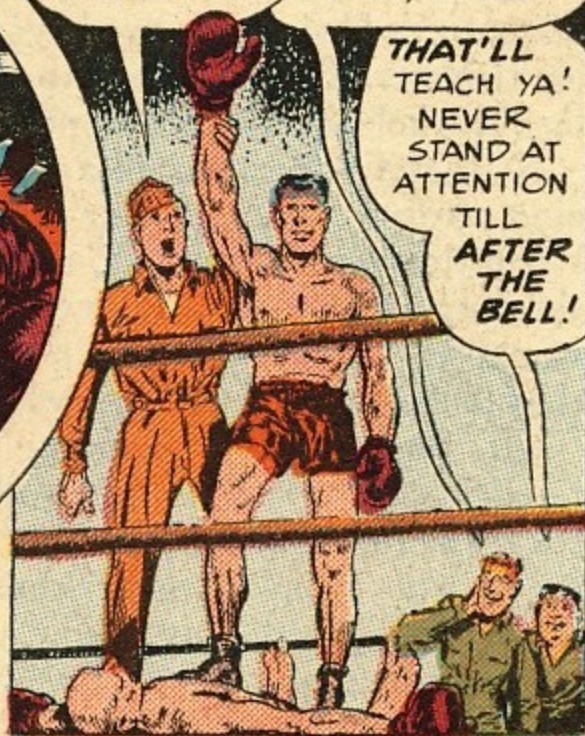
OUR PRIME MINISTER???  
HERE IN KOREA?



THE WINNER--  
SERGEANT  
MULVANEY!

BOY! I COULD  
FEEL THAT  
PUNCH, SARGE!

THAT'LL  
TEACH YA!  
NEVER  
STAND AT  
ATTENTION  
TILL  
AFTER  
THE BELL!



STILL LATER...

BUT, SARGE, THIS IS TH'  
THIRD TIME YOU'VE HAD  
US ON LATRINE DUTY! AN' I  
WAS GONNA --

WE THOUGHT  
MEBBE YOU'D --  
ER, THAT IS, WE  
WAS WONDERIN'  
IF --

BUT I LIKE  
YER WORK!  
I'M CRAZY FER  
TH' WAY YA  
MAKE BETS,  
TOO! SO I'M  
PLANNIN' ANOTHER  
LI'L SURPRISE  
FER YA!

WHAT A "SURPRISE!"  
KP!!

IT COULD  
BE WORSE,  
STRETCH! JUS'  
THINK IF  
MULVANEY  
LOST!

LATER...

AWRIGHT --  
DON'T PUSH!  
YOU'LL GET  
YER DOUGH!

STRETCH, I KNEW  
WE MADE A  
MISTAKE BETTIN'  
AGAINST MULVANEY!

WOT'S WRONG,  
STRETCH? YA  
LOOK KINDA  
WASHED OUT!



The End



# Reluctant Heroes

"THE ARMY oughta design new insignia for you two characters," growled Sergeant Burley to Tex Latham and Al Conroy as they stood unhappily before him. "Instead of crossed Infantry rifles, you oughta wear somethin' like a coupla cookin' pots crossed on a field of unpeeled potatoes! Ya spend so much time in the kitchen they oughta transfer you to permanent K. P."

"Aw, Oscar," began Tex placatingly . . .

"Don't call me Oscar!" snapped Sgt. Burley. "When I'm bawlin' you out official, I'm Foist Sergeant Boiley! Remember that, character!"

"All right," replied Tex. "Look, sergeant, how did we know the colonel was going to show up?"

"Ya ain't supposed to talk on parade, whether the colonel is there or not," barked Burley. "You're both supposed to know that. Now I got a little news for both of you. This bein' Saturday night, you're probably figurin' on goin' to town. Well," he continued before the two boys could reply, "you ain't! You're both confined to the company area fer the whole week-end! An' no arguments!"

Neither Tex nor Al said a word later that evening, as they watched their buddies leave camp. When the last bus had left, they just sat quietly, thinking mournfully of the two beautiful girls who would wait for them for, at most, an hour before they found two other soldiers who felt like dancing.

Sgt. Burley's sense of timing was perfect. The tail lights of the last bus were still visible down the road when he appeared in front of the two boys with a wide grin. "Hi, my friends," he called with unconvincing cordiality, "how would ya like to go to town tonight?"

"Did you hear something, Al?" asked Tex.

Al shook his head. "Not a sound," he replied.

"Well," barked Burley, "ya better clean out yer ears! This is orders. Col. Buchanan's got some trunks waitin' at the express station in town, an' he wants 'em picked up right away. You two are the only guys around who ain't on detail, so pick up the colonel's jeep and get them trunks!" He waited until he saw the light of an idea dawn in both boys' eyes, then continued brutally, "An' remember, we know how long it takes to drive to town an' back here. So don't get no ideas about stoppin' off on the road nowheres!" As the light died out of both pairs of eyes, Burley barked, "Now, git goin'!"

En route to town, Tex drove, his right foot pressing the accelerator close to the floorboard. Al was busy with a pencil and paper, multiplying and dividing, adding and subtracting. Finally he looked up and shrugged. "It figures this way," he said. "If we keep going at sixty-five, like we're doing now,

we'll have an hour in town with Mamie and June!"

The words were hardly out of Al's mouth when the jeep bucked like a Western bronco, there was a grinding noise from under the hood, and the car slid to a skidding, swirling halt.

Half-an-hour later, Tex shook his head and looked up from under the hood. "Can't do a thing with it," he mumbled. "Got a couple of spots in here that I can see are cracked. Needs a spot welding job. Come on," he added wearily, "start pushin'. We've got to get this heap to a garage."

It took two hours of pushing—luckily it was mostly downhill—to get the jeep to the nearest garage, a dirty little shack marked, in shaky letters, "Thompson's Repair Shop—You Break 'Em—We Re-Make 'Em." After a tremendous honking of the horn had failed to rouse anyone, Tex beat at the door until a surly fat man ambled out and growled, "Whaddaya want? I'm busy."

"You Thompson?" asked Tex. As the fat man nodded, he went on, "Look, fellow, we're in a jam. This is the colonel's jeep, and it's broken. If we don't get it fixed, we'll probably get court-martialed. Be a good guy, will you, and get it straightened out—but fast. Here, look." By the time Tex had grabbed Thompson's arm and had pulled him over to the jeep, Al had the hood open, and could point to the cracked insides. "I can see it needs a fast spot-welding job. How soon?"

Thompson scowled. "Not for at least a week. And it'll cost you guys a hundred bucks!"

"Oh, no," moaned Tex weakly, thinking of the seven dollars in his pocket.

"Okay," snapped Al, who then turned to Tex and added, "What's the matter with you? This time we're in the clear. It's not our fault that the heap broke down." He looked up at Thompson. "We'll double the price, if you can get it done tonight. Just give us a bill made out to Col. Buchanan at the camp. Here's his registration," and he pulled the registration papers out of the dashboard compartment.

Thompson nodded. "For two hundred bucks, you get it tonight. Make yourselves comfortable, boys."

While Thompson's truck pulled the jeep over to the work-pit, Al and Tex invested a couple of nickels in the slot machine and the Coke dispenser. Then, bored, they began wandering around the grounds surrounding the small garage and service station. Suddenly Al looked at his hands. "Pretty dirty work, pushing," he said. "Let's get cleaned up, so we'll look respectable when we get out of here." He pointed to a building in the rear. "That



looks like it might have a wash room."

The two boys ambled over to the building and pulled open the plain board door. As they did so, two hard-looking men looked up from the floor on which they were kneeling in front of a pile of cases. "Whaddaya want?" one of them growled.

"Just looking for some place to wash," said Al.

"Outside, mugg," snarled the other. "In the garage. We're busy."

As Al turned to leave, Tex grabbed his arm. "Wait a minute," he said excitedly. "Those are Army cases! We ought to know... we've had to move enough of them! Where'd you guys get them?" he demanded.

With one swift motion the two bruisers were on their feet, standing between the soldiers and the door. "Wouldn't you like to know?" one sneered, as the other moved to the door and yelled, "Hey, Thompson! Come over here! Something's up!"

Two minutes later Al and Tex found themselves facing three grim-looking men who were carefully rolling up their sleeves. "Now, wait a minute," said Tex. "What's going on here? What did we do?"

"Nothing," replied Thompson. "But *we're* goin' to do somethin' to you! We don't like snoopers here, see?"

Back in camp, Tex and Al were considered pretty good with their fists. They had both boxed as amateurs, and they had learned something about judo during basic training. But these bruisers knew every dirty trick in the book. They started to pile on them, punching, kicking and butting.

Both boys were just about ready to pass out from the terrific beating they were taking, when they heard a loud clatter outside the shack, and the shrill squealing of Army whistles. As the door was flung open and a flood of M. P.'s poured in, headed by Sgt. Burley, Tex muttered weakly: "I never thought I'd be glad to see an M. P., but right now I am!"

The two soldiers and the three others were yanked to their feet. Burley strode angrily in front of Tex and Al and yelled: "So this is where you hang out! The colonel's burnin' up. You should've been back long ago. So I came to look for you myself! You guys ain't heard the last of this! The colonel's right behind us!"

"Listen, sarge," interrupted Tex eagerly. "These

guys have been swiping Army stuff! Here it is—look at all these cases, and they're all marked with the name of our camp!"

"A great story," sneered Burley, while the M. P.'s laughed. "If they're crooks, you two characters probably helped them get away with the stuff! I've had my eyes on you for a long time," he concluded ominously.

"Well," yelled Tex furiously, "you better get your eyes off us, then! We've got nothing to do with these guys, and you know it! We were in the colonel's jeep, headed for town, when it broke down, and we pushed that heap all the way here, trying to get it fixed. It was the first service station we hit—that's why we stopped. And if it hadn't been for that, you and your M. P.'s would never have known enough to follow us and find these crooks who've been looting our supplies!"

Nobody in the room had noticed the entrance of the man who came in during Tex's last sentence but as the angry soldier finished, he stepped forward, as they all snapped to attention.

"Col. Buchanan, sir," stammered Burley, "I want to report..."

"I've heard enough," snapped the colonel. Then turning to the M. P.'s, he thundered, "Put these crooks under arrest immediately!"

The colonel grinned broadly. "You two men," he said to Tex and Al, "have done a wonderful job. Post Headquarters has been aware of the fact that someone has been stealing from us for months. I'm proud of you, and," he smiled, "when you get back to camp after your week's leave, you'll find the papers waiting for you, that promote you both to sergeants." As Tex and Al stared blissfully and Burley gasped, the colonel continued, "It's pretty late now, boys, so I imagine you're anxious to get to town." He turned to Burley. "Sergeant," he added, "drive these two men to town in your own jeep and make out a week's pass for them, and leave them there with the jeep. You can come back to camp on the bus."

As Col. Buchanan turned on his heel and left, Tex turned to Al. "What do you think of the Army now?" he asked, glancing at Burley's apoplectic face.

"Heaven, pal," murmured Al blissfully. "Just plain Heaven!"

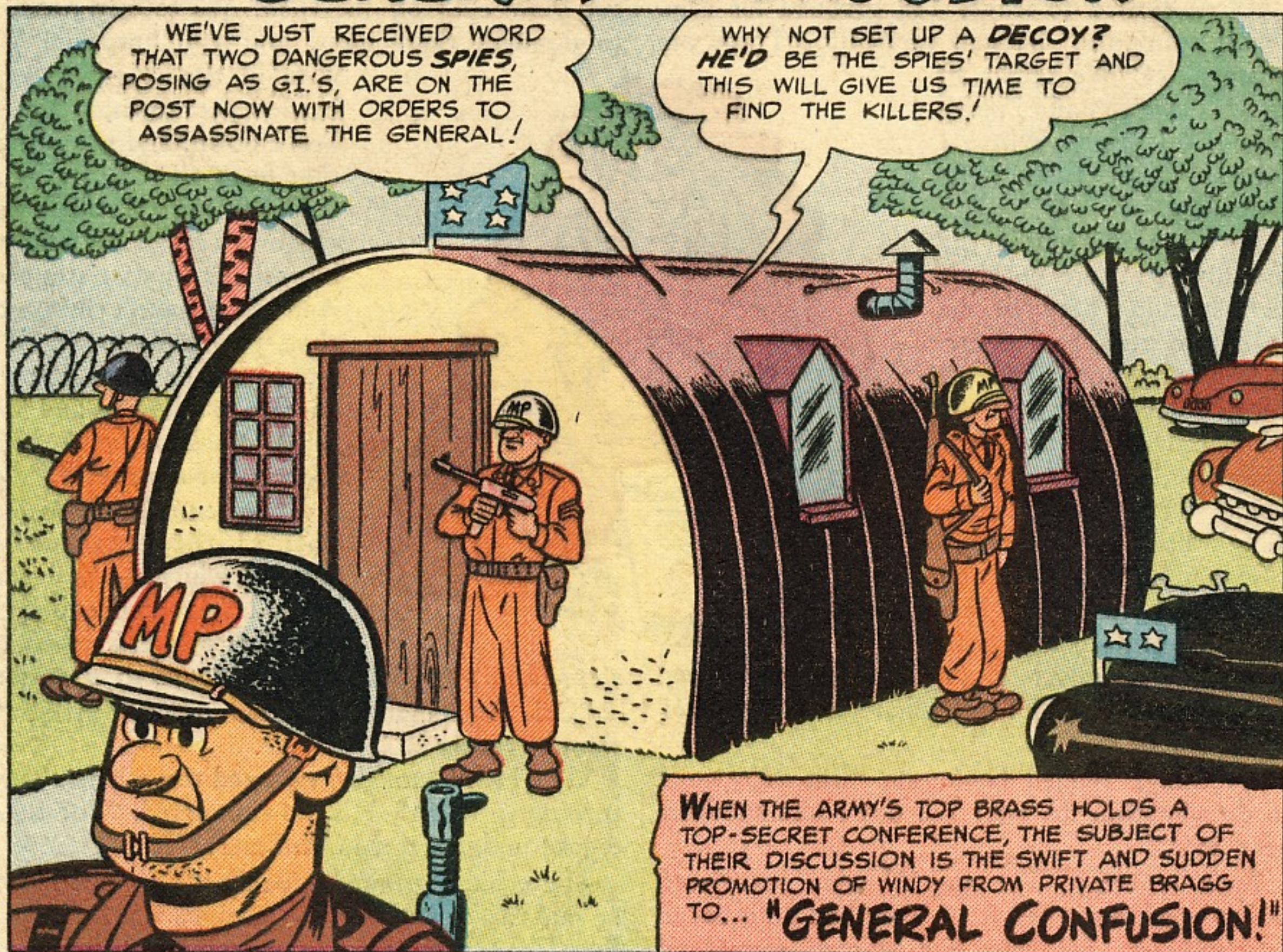
**THE END**





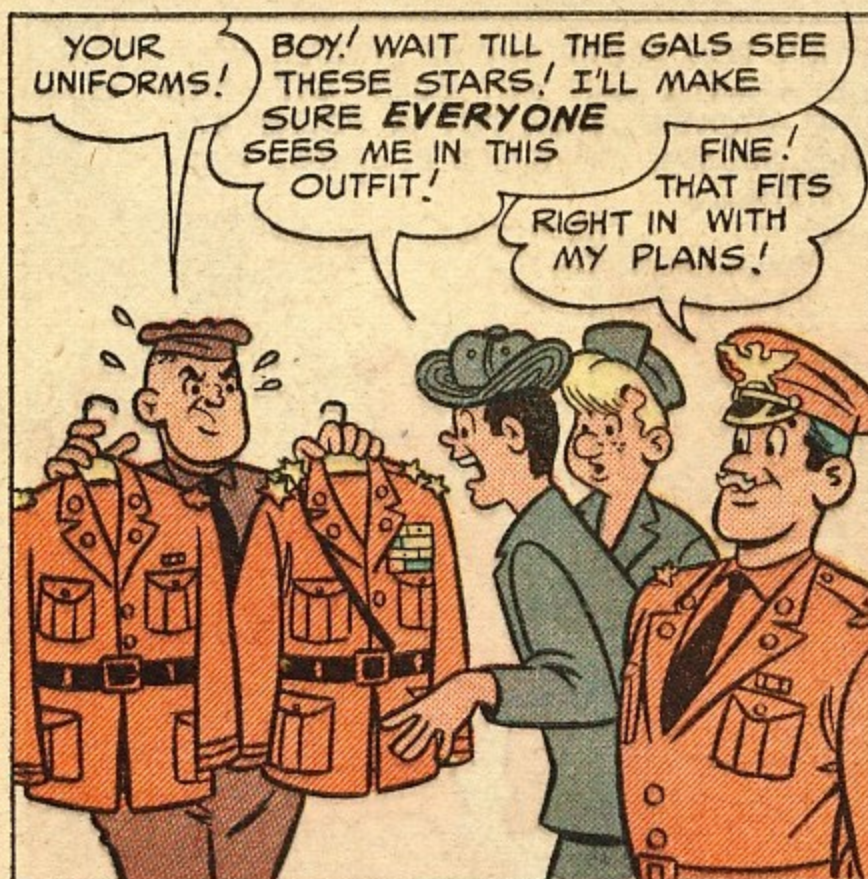
# The **YARDBIRDS**

## in **GENERAL CONFUSION**

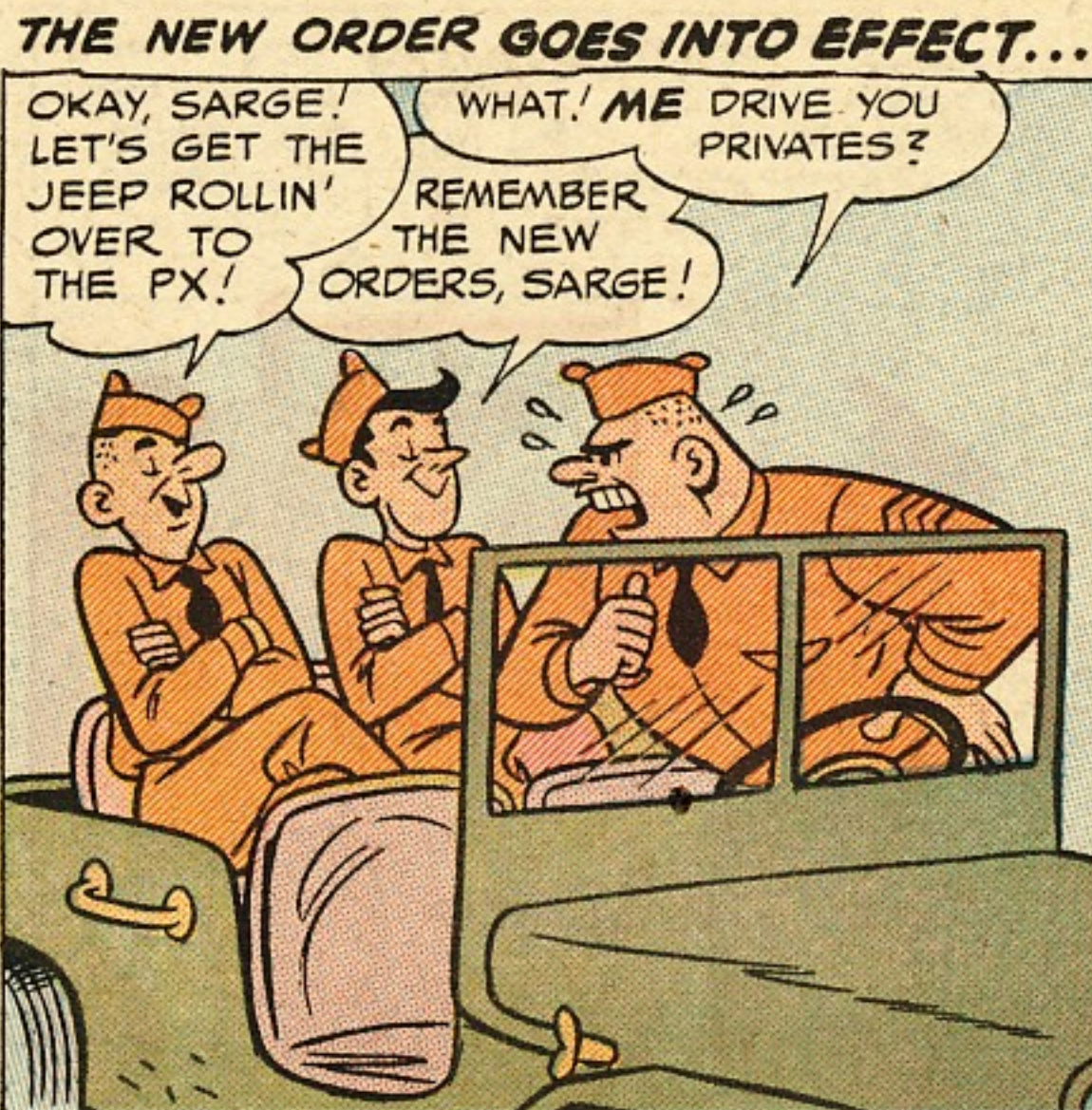




SOON...









MEANWHILE...

LIEUTENANTS POLICING THE AREA! SERGEANTS ON KP! ENLISTED MEN DANCING AT THE OFFICERS CLUB! I'M GOING TO TAKE OVER AGAIN!

NO, GENERAL! NO! THOSE TWO SPIES ARE STILL ON THE LOOSE!



WELL, **FIND THEM!** THOSE TWO MANIACS WILL RUIN THE CAMP!

THEY'RE JUST HARMLESS TARGETS, SIR! YOU MUST STAY HERE A LITTLE WHILE LONGER. THE SPIES ARE SURE TO STRIKE SOON!



MEANWHILE...

LET'S HAVE A LITTLE SERVICE, **AIDE!** HOW ABOUT A LIGHT?

COMING RIGHT UP, SIR... AS SOON AS I CAN FIND A LIGHTER!

PSST!



HERE Y'ARE, GEN'RAL!

THANKS!



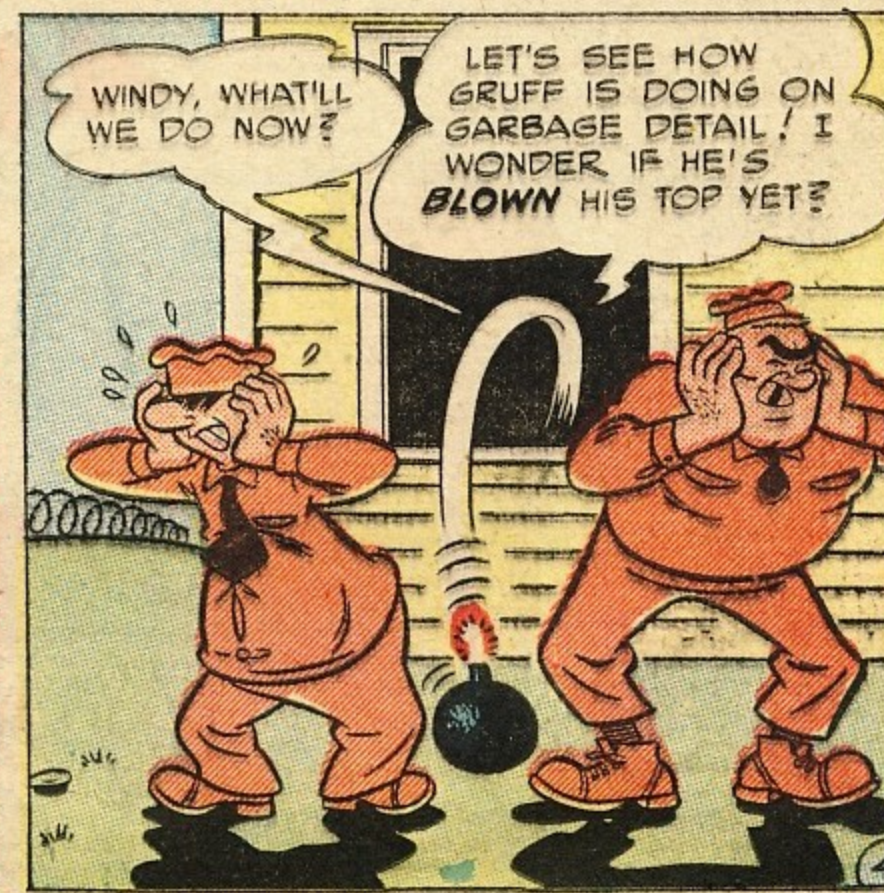
THAT'S FUNNY, SOMETHIN'S WRONG WITH THIS LIGHTER!

TOSS IT OUT THE WINDOW! I'LL REPLACE IT WITH A CUTE **WAG** WHO'LL CARRY A TORCH FOR ME!

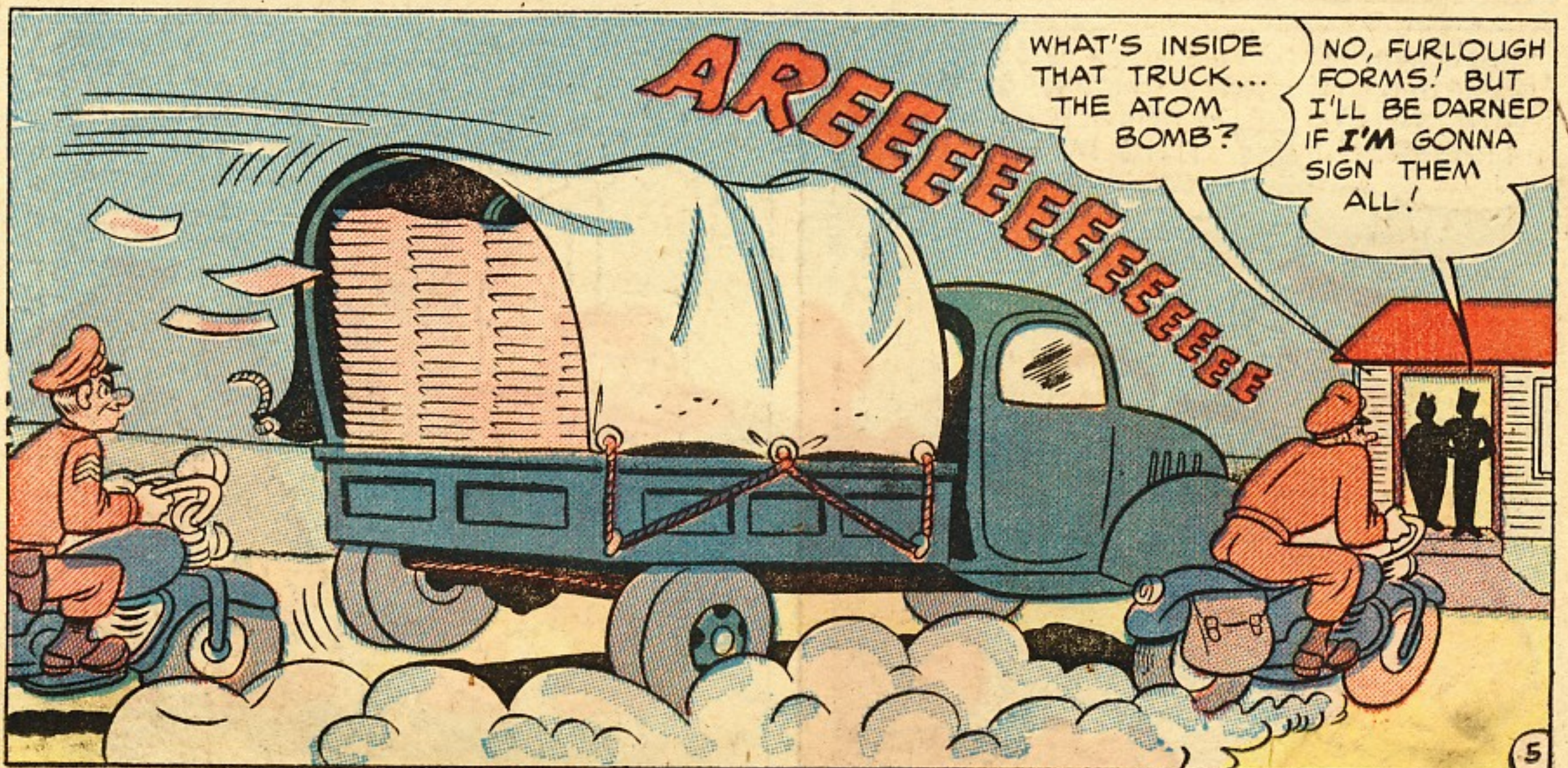
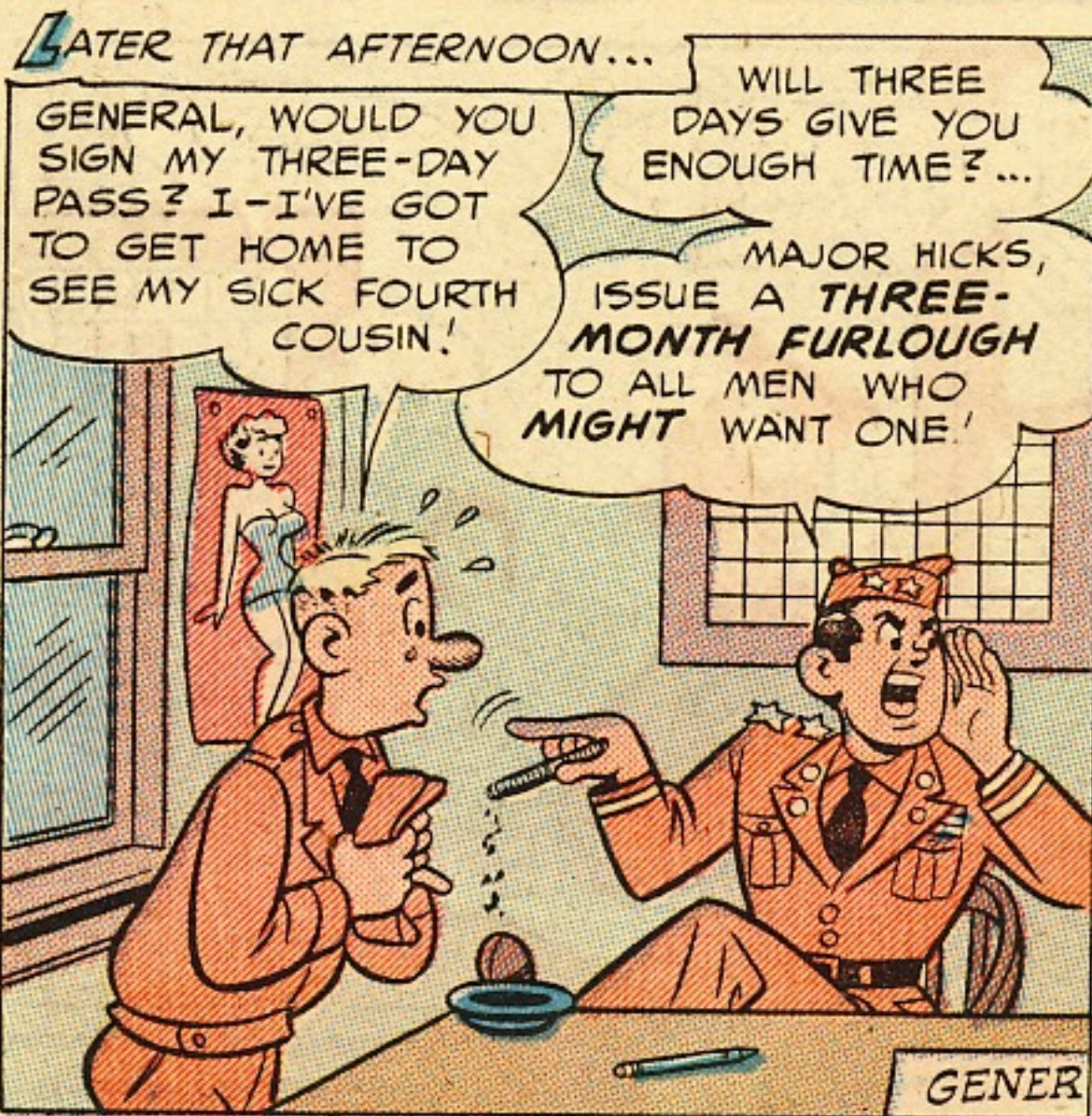
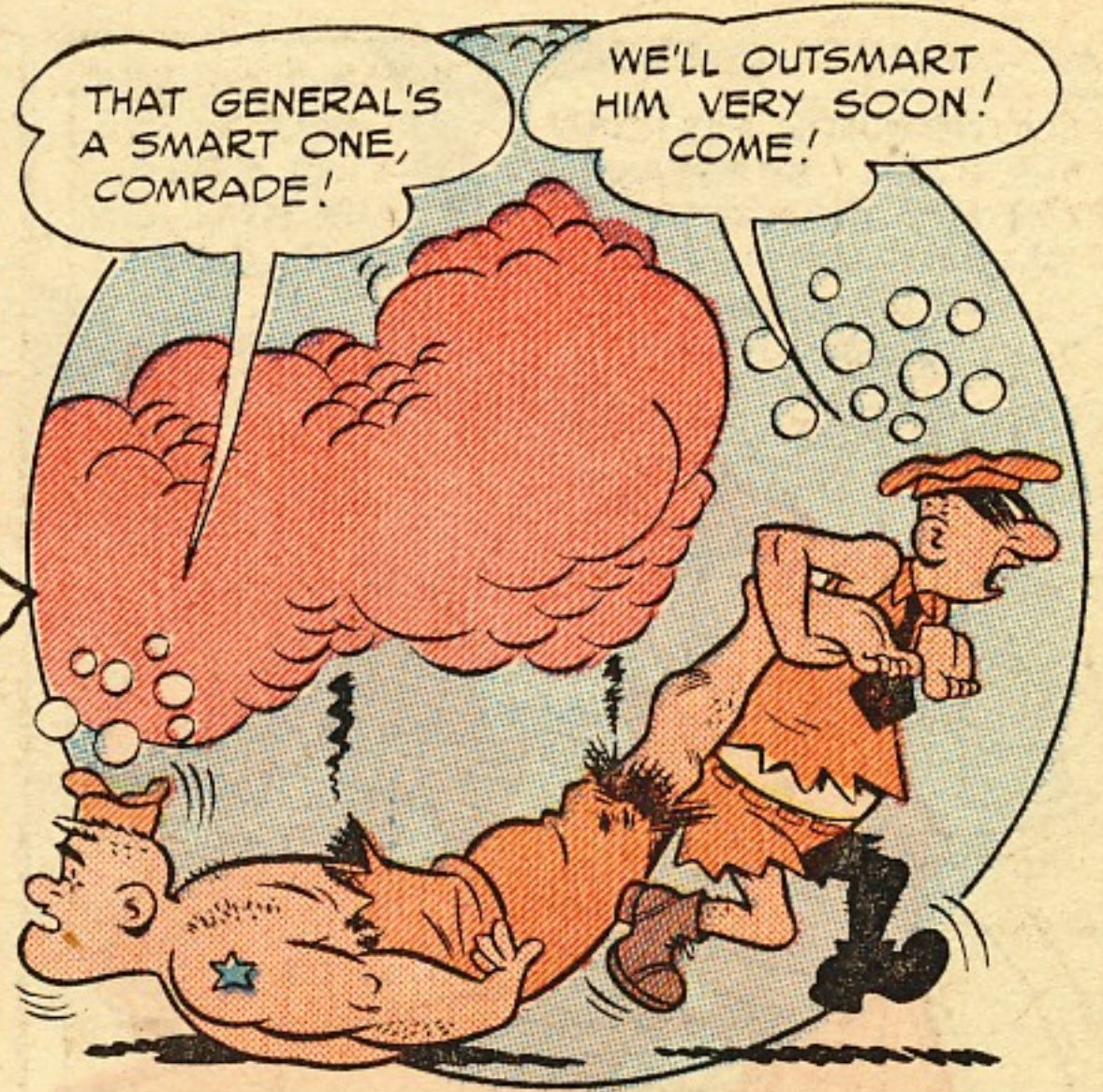


WINDY, WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?

LET'S SEE HOW GRUFF IS DOING ON GARBAGE DETAIL! I WONDER IF HE'S **BLOWN** HIS TOP YET?









AND SO...

KEEP SIGNING, SERGEANT!  
AND STOP WRITING  
**PRIVATE BRAGG** --  
IT'S **GENERAL**  
**BRAGG!**

Y-YES, SIR!  
(GROAN)  
THIS IS THE  
LAST FORM!



WINDY, OUT OF 6,342 OFFICERS AND  
MEN ON THIS POST, YOU'VE ISSUED  
FURLOUNDS TO 6,340-- THAT  
LEAVES ONLY TWO  
G.I.'S ON THE POST!  
WHAT'S WRONG  
WITH THEM?

SAY! I'LL BET  
THOSE TWO  
ARE THE **SPIES!**



SPIES?  
WHAT  
SPIES?

THE ONES WE'RE TRYING TO  
CATCH BY MAKING YOU A  
SITTING TARGET AND  
GRABBING THEM **AFTER**  
THEY MAKE A TRY ON YOUR  
LIFE! DIDN'T COLONEL FUMES  
TELL YOU THAT?



ALL HE SAID WAS THAT  
THE COMMISSIONS WERE  
TEMPORARY, AND AS FAR  
AS I'M CONCERNED, THEY  
END RIGHT NOW!

LET'S GET  
OUT OF HERE  
**FAST!**



I'M PEELING THESE DUDS!  
THEY MAKE ME FEEL LIKE  
THE BULL'S-EYE ON A  
TARGET!

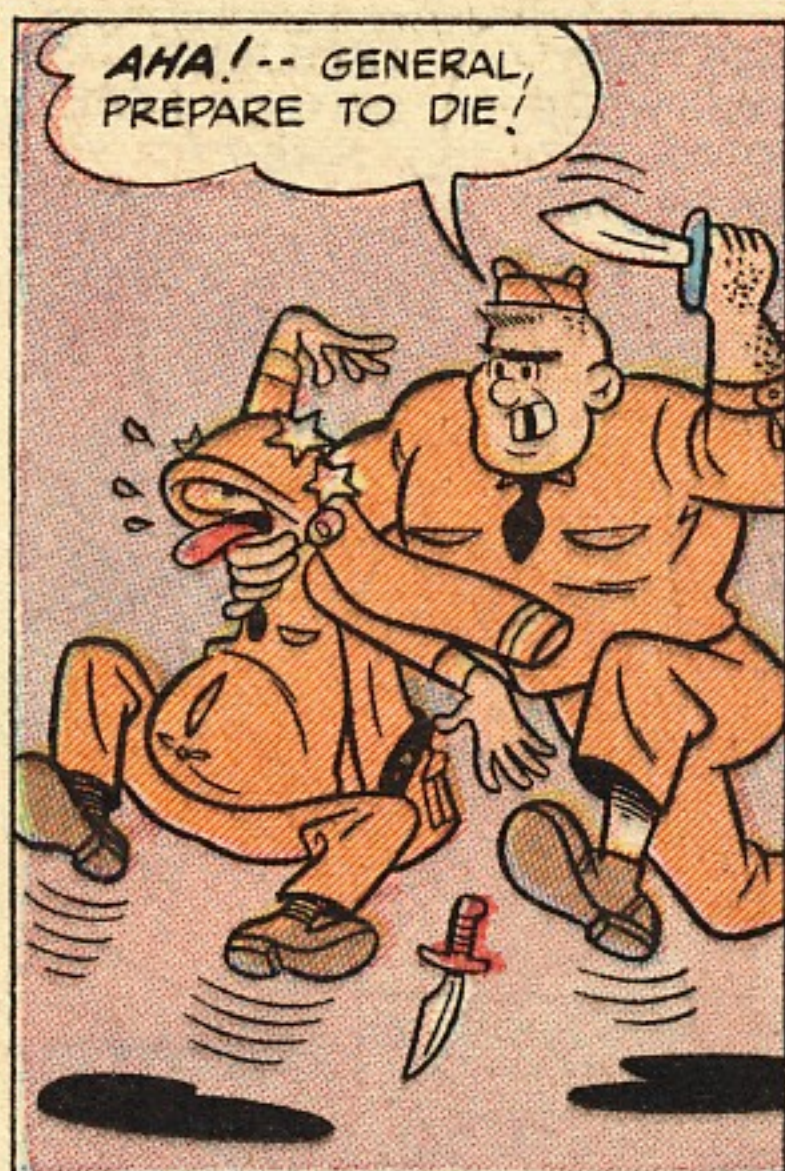
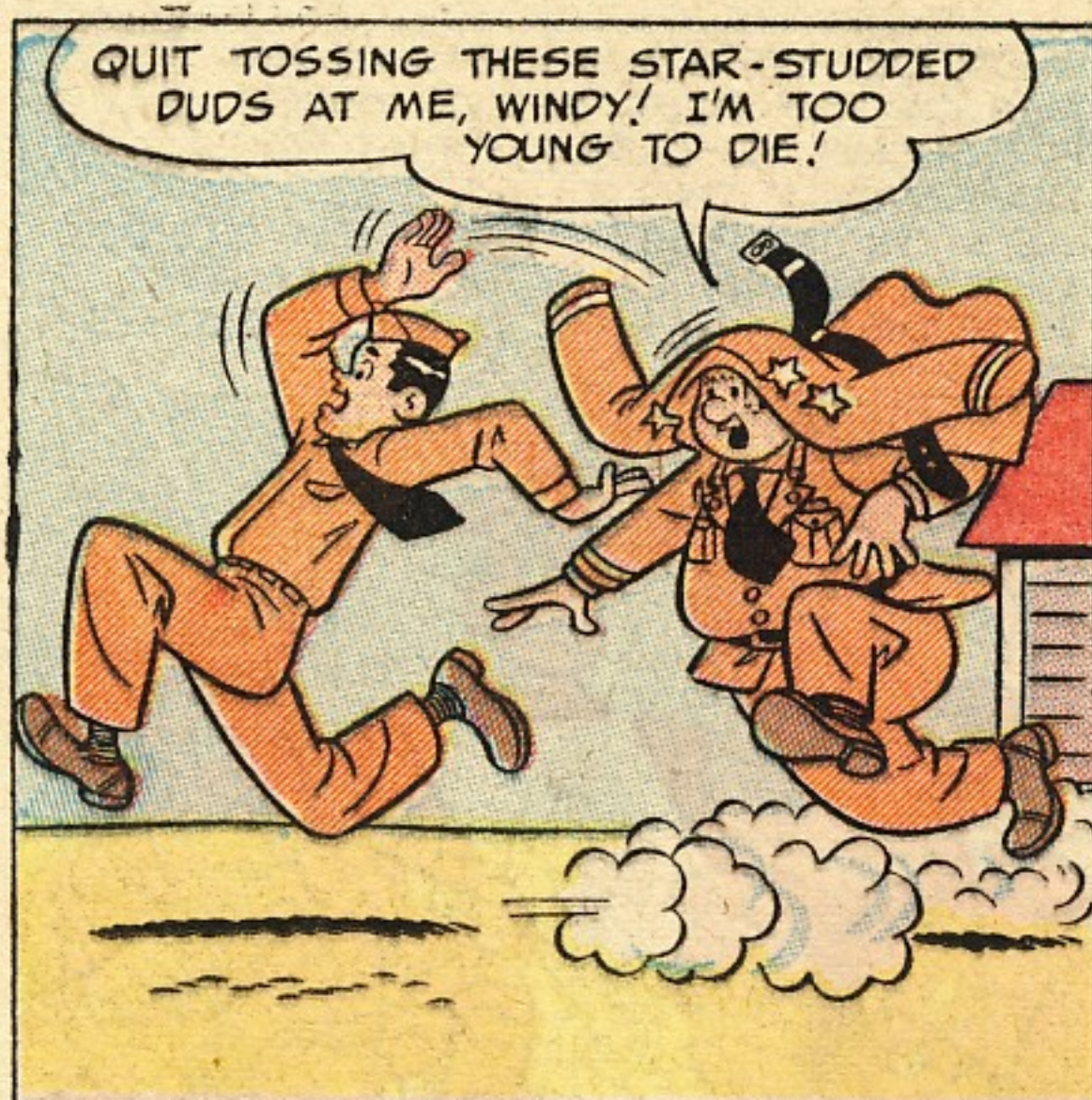
COMRADE,  
LOOK!



GO AROUND THE BUILDING ON  
THE LEFT! I'LL FOLLOW BEHIND  
THEM ON THE RIGHT!







**TWO MONTHS LATER...**







**A  
SALVO  
OF ENTERTAINMENT  
IN  
DIGEST SIZE**

**FACT!  
FICTION!  
ADVENTURE!  
HUMOR!**



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NEW  
It's  
OUT  
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# G.I. Joe

## *in* The VANISHING AMERICAN

ALL KINDS OF MEN ARE FIGHTING FOR THE U.N. IN KOREA--MANY OF THEIR BACKGROUNDS WOULD BE STRANGE TO US. TO JOE BURCH THE STRANGEST OF ALL WAS THAT OF THE SOLDIER WHO WAS AN ORIGINAL AMERICAN -- A COMANCHE INDIAN!







I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS, YOU-- YOU--  
**INDIAN!**



HEY, MULVANEY!  
REPORT TO  
LIEUTENANT PARKER  
RIGHT AWAY!



G-2 REPORTS COMMIE  
CAVALRY IN THESE HILLS,  
SERGEANT! IT'S A LARGE  
FORCE-- TAKE PLENTY  
OF MEN!

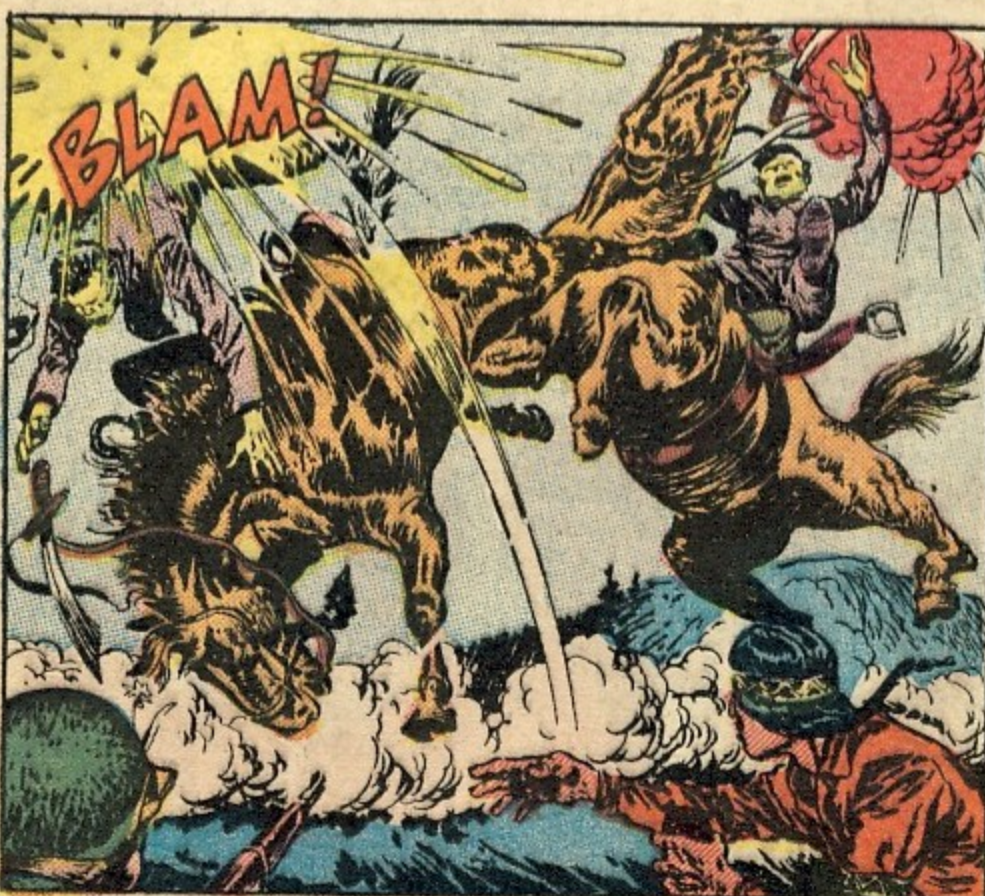
YES,  
SIR!

**MULVANEY** TAKES HIS PATROL INTO THE HILLS. SEVERAL  
HOURS LATER...



MULVANEY-- THERE  
THEY ARE! THEY'VE  
SPOTTED US!

GET BEHIND  
THE ROCKS!  
**QUICK!**



**BLAM!**

AND THEN AS SUDDENLY AS THEY APPEARED,  
THE CAVALRY IS GONE, LEAVING THEIR DEAD  
AND WOUNDED...



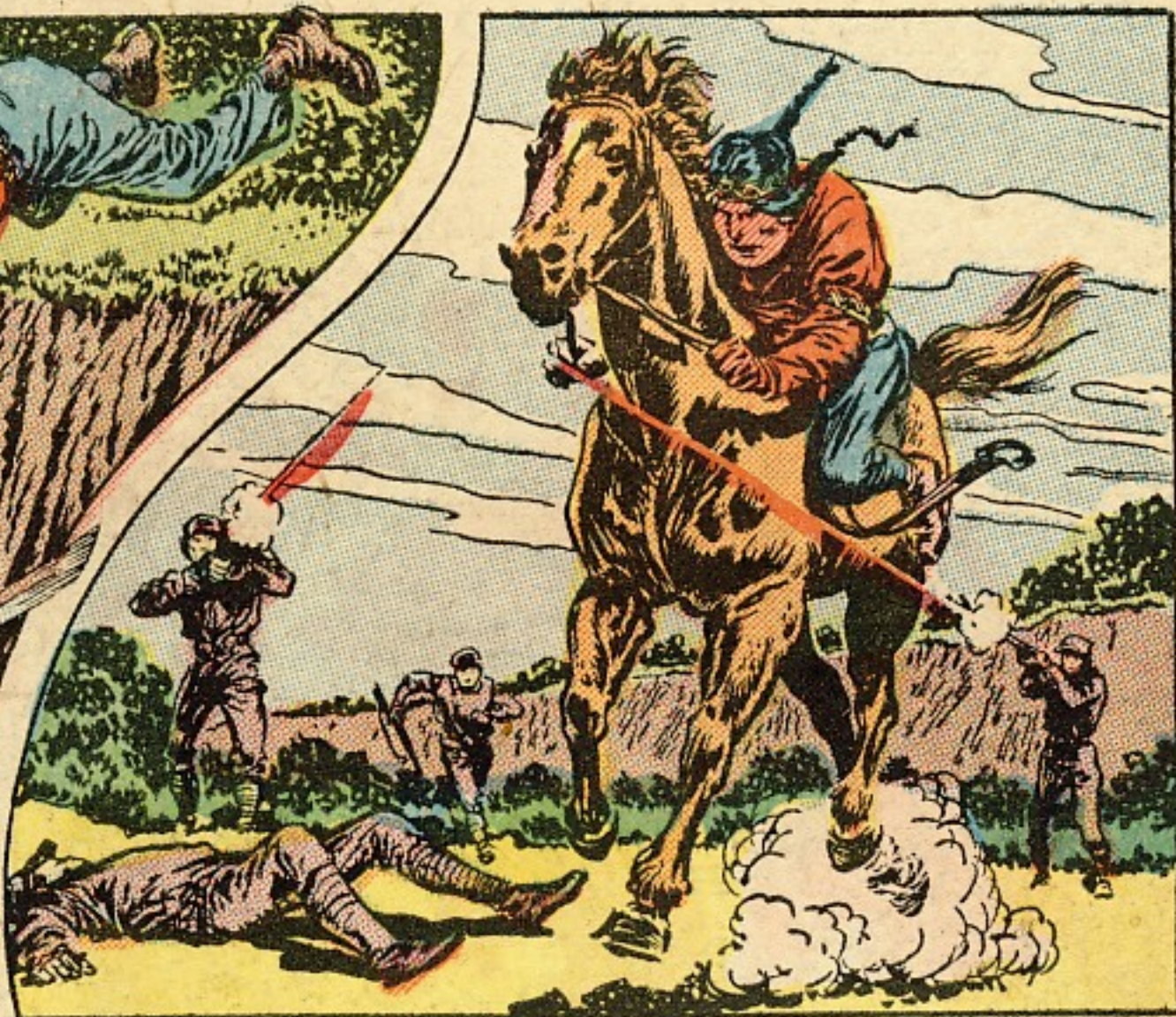
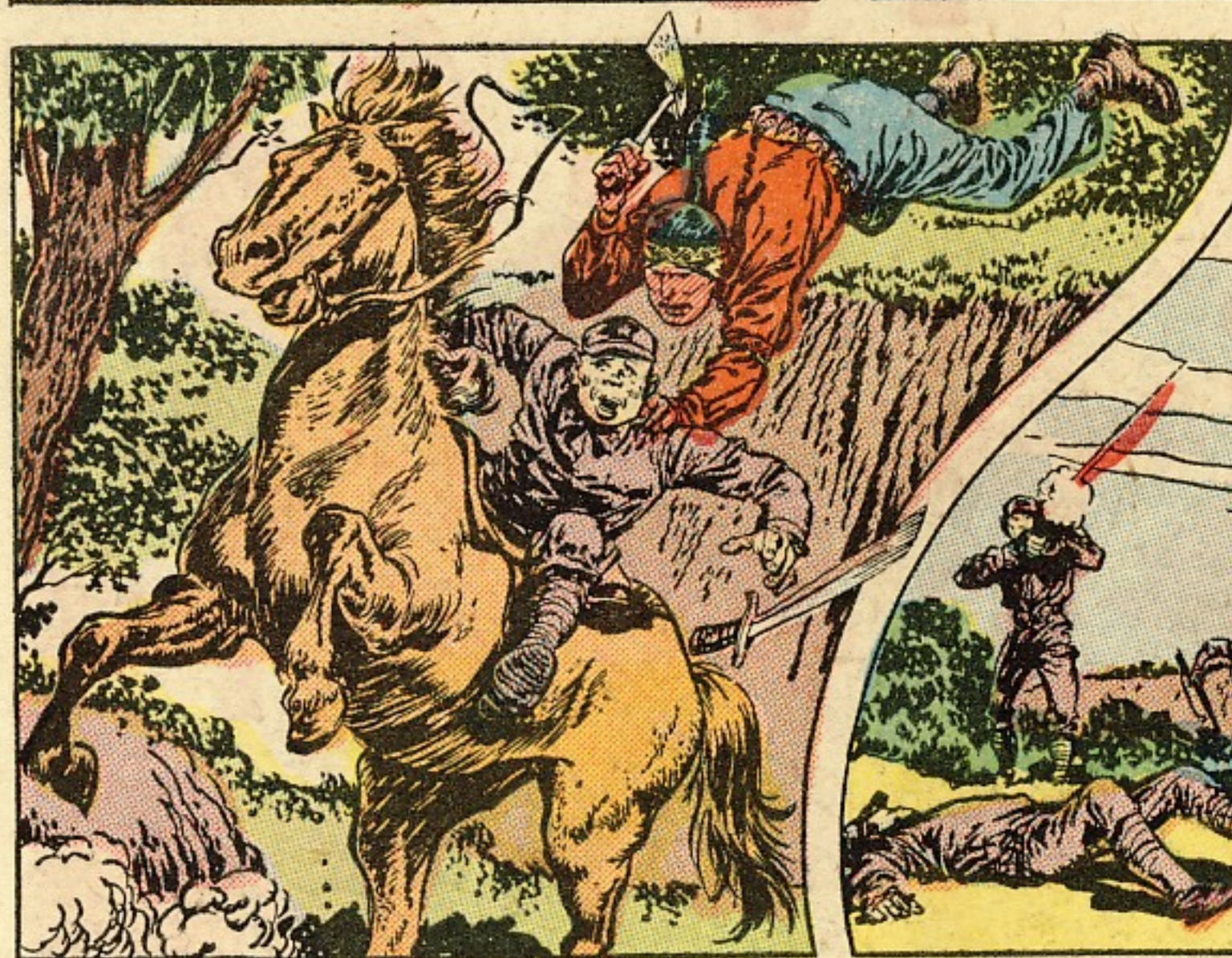
WE BEAT  
'EM OFF!

YEAH, JOE, BUT THEY'LL  
BE BACK-- THAT WAS  
JUST A PROBING  
ATTACK!





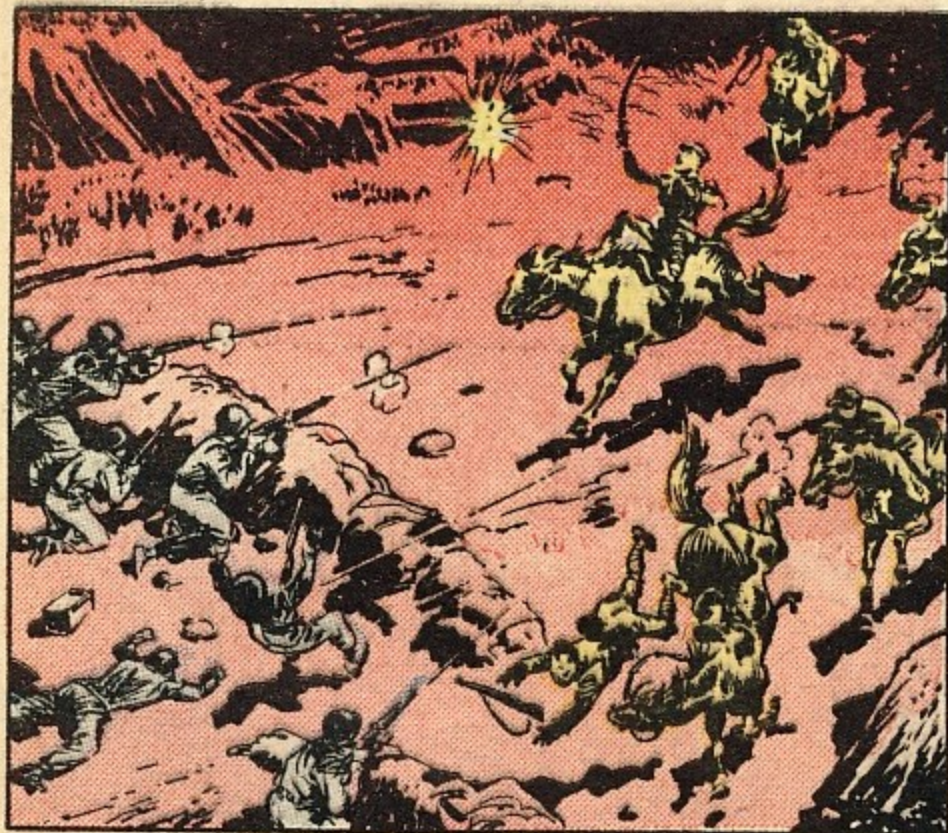
BUT THE COMANCHE FINDS EVERY EXIT CLOSED. THEN...





**SUDDENLY, THE REDS LAUNCH ANOTHER ATTACK!**

**AND AGAIN THEY RETREAT IN THE FACE OF THE G.I.'S FIERCE RESISTANCE...**



**HOLD YER FIRE! WE BEAT 'EM OFF AGAIN!**

**IT'S GONNA BE TOUGHER THE NEXT TIME, SARGE! WE'RE ALMOST OUT OF AMMO!**

**CUT IT OUT, LITTLE HORSE! SAVE YER BULLETS!**



**LOOK, SARGE — HE GOT TWO OF THEM! AIN'T THAT SWEET! WHATA WE DO NOW — PUT ON THE FEATHERS AN' FLY AWAY?**



**HE WANTS US TO FOLLOW HIM! WHAT'S HE UP TO? WHY CAN'T THAT INDIAN TALK?**



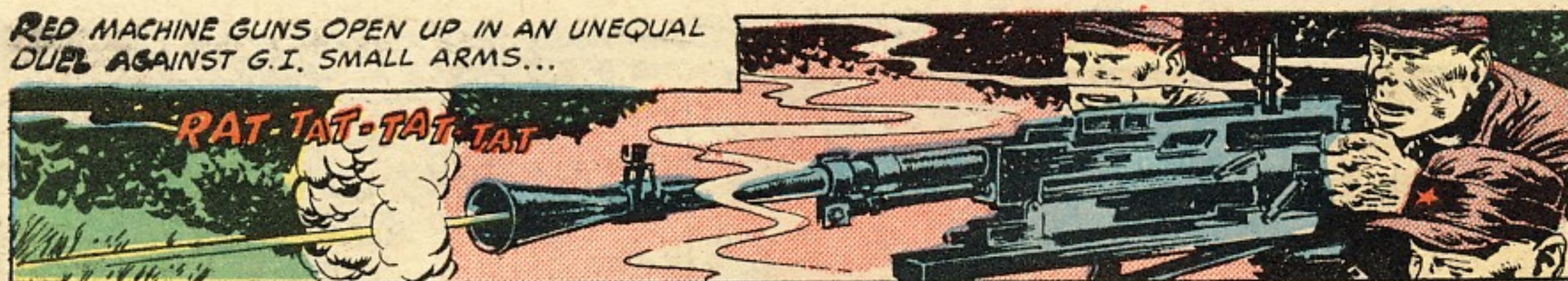
**STRIPPING A SAPLING OF ITS BRANCHES, THE COMANCHE USES A SHOELACE AND THE FEATHERS OF THE GEESE TO MAKE ...**

**-- A BOW AND ARROW!**

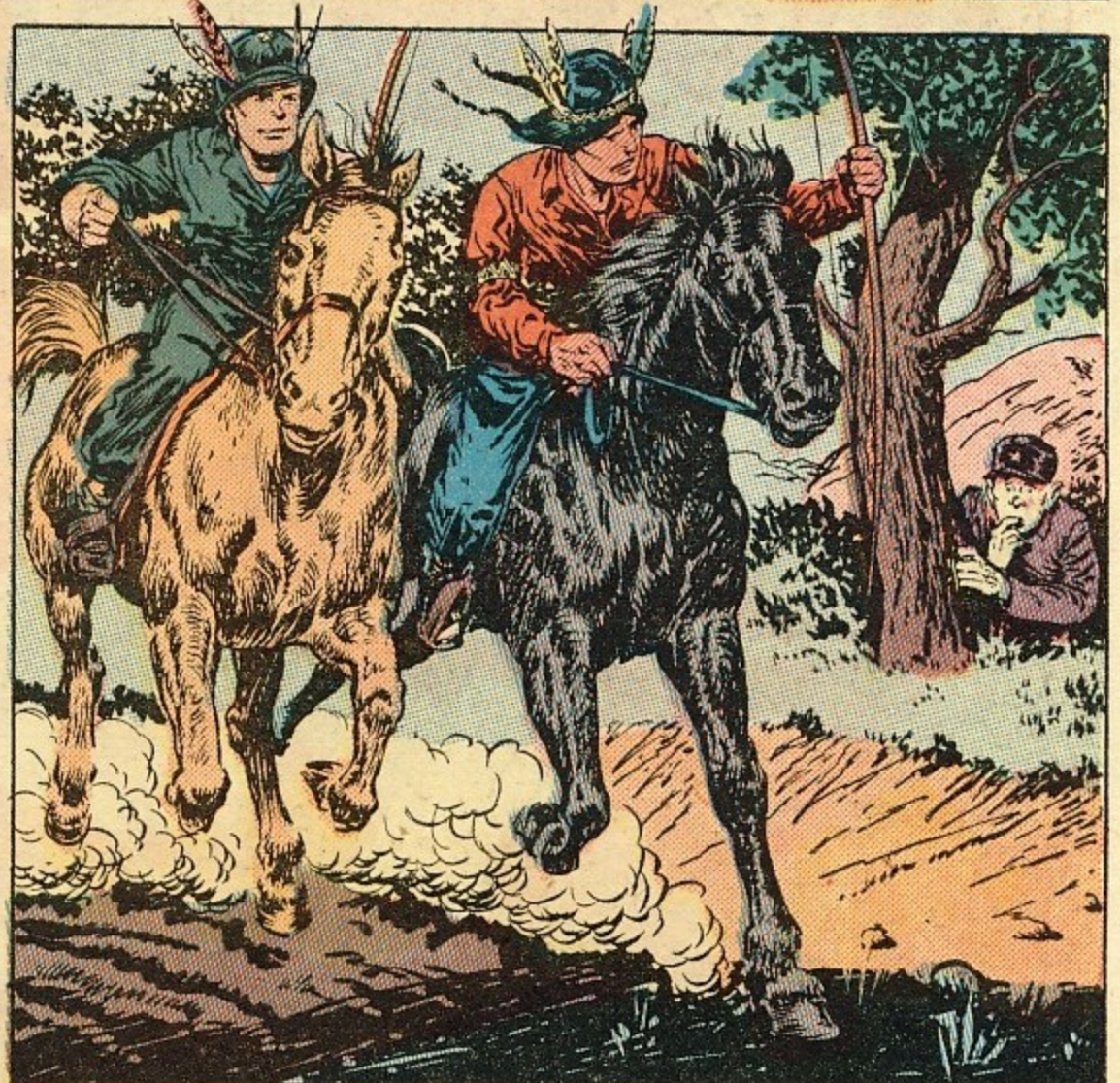
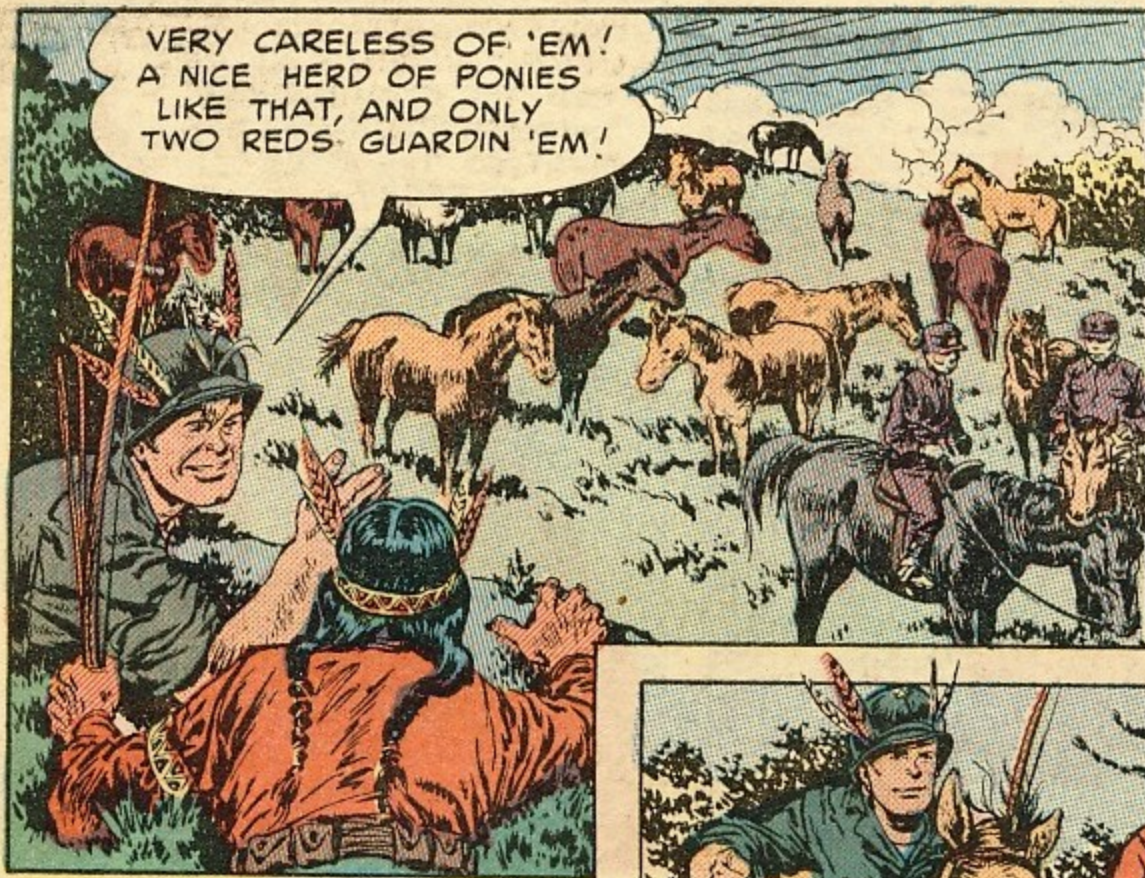




RED MACHINE GUNS OPEN UP IN AN UNEQUAL DUEL AGAINST G.I. SMALL ARMS...

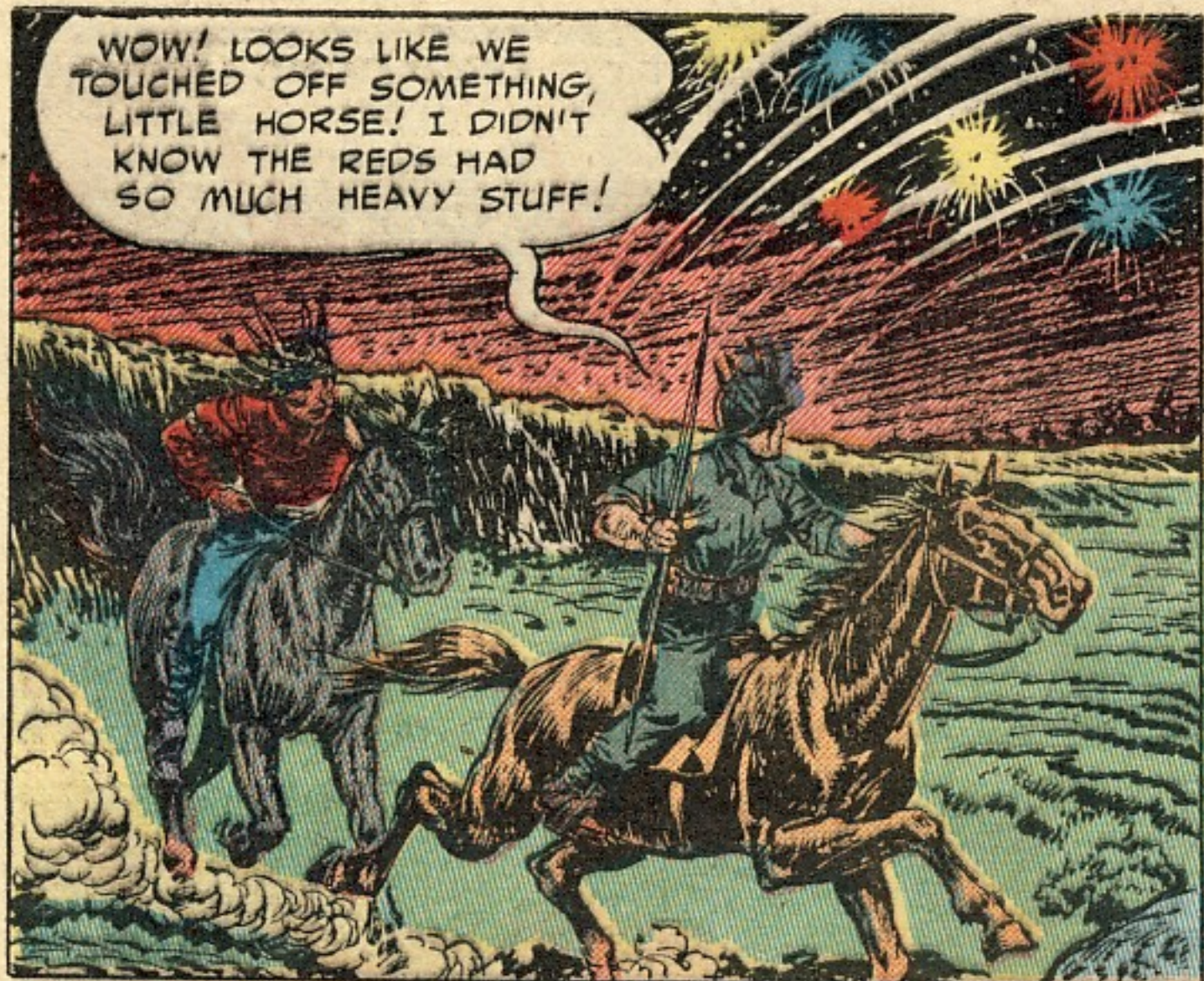






WHILE BACK AT THE COMMUNIST COMMAND POST...



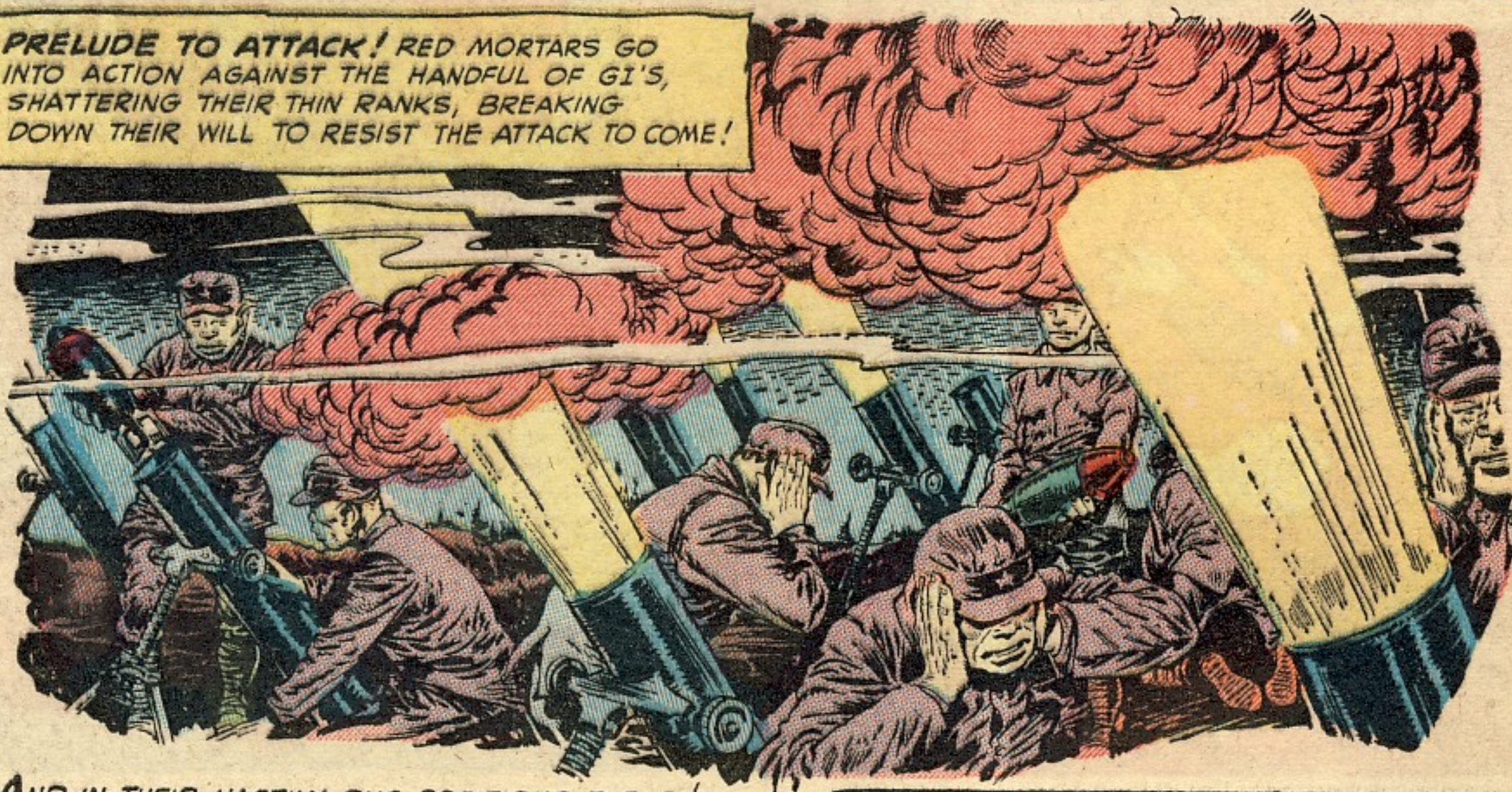


WOW! LOOKS LIKE WE TOUCHED OFF SOMETHING, LITTLE HORSE! I DIDN'T KNOW THE REDS HAD SO MUCH HEAVY STUFF!

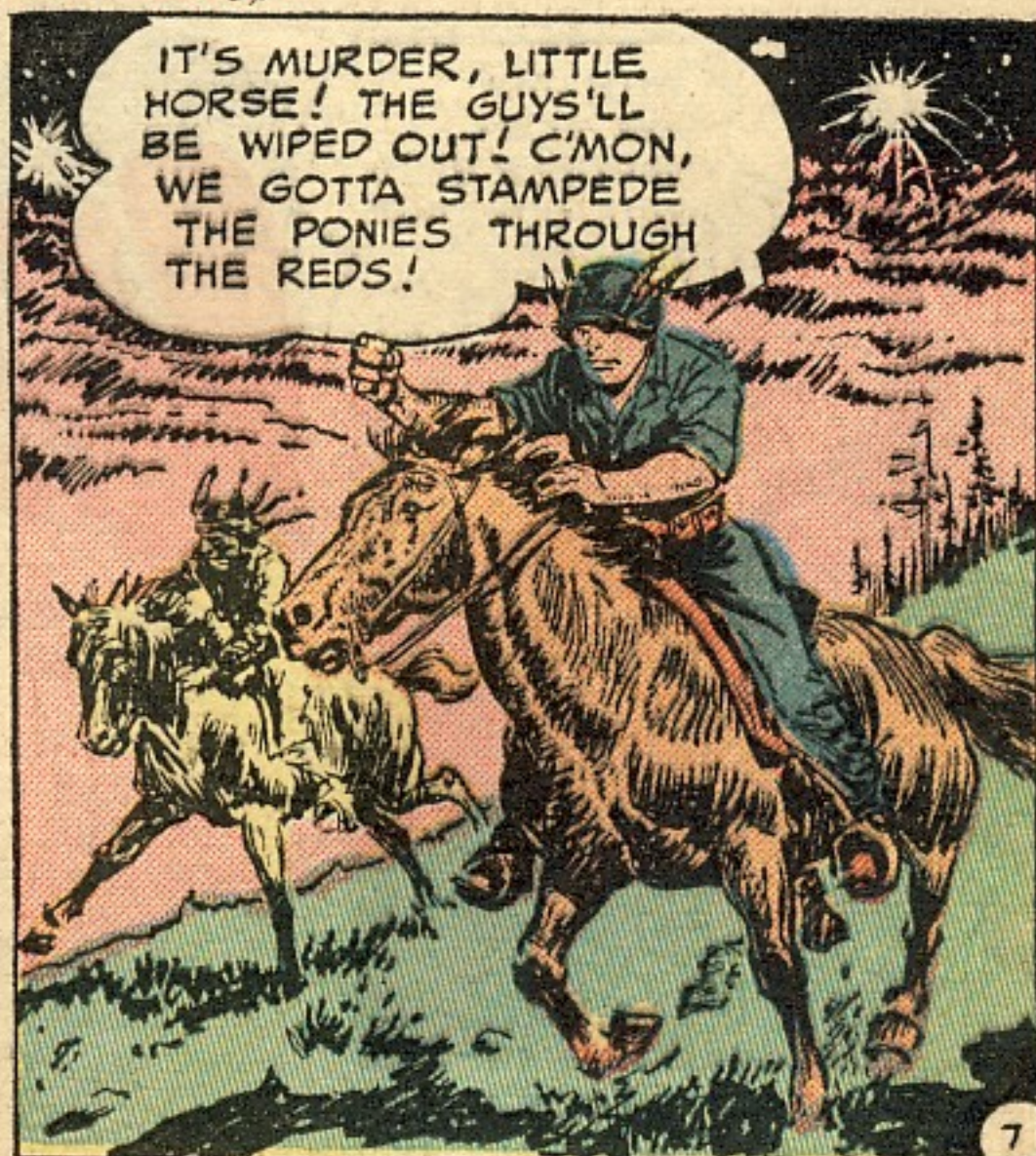
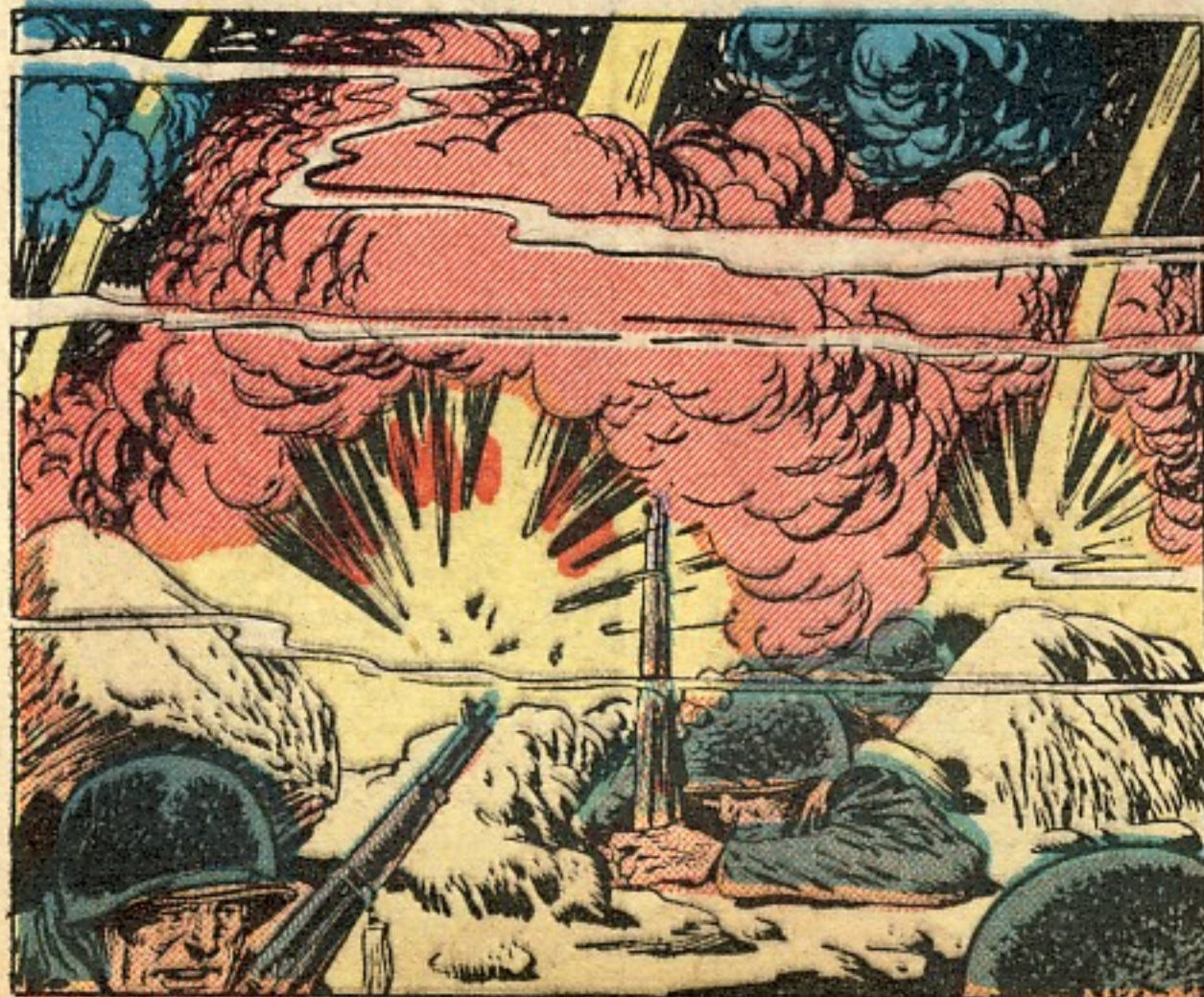


WAIT! WE GOTTA DO A LITTLE THINKIN'! SOUNDS LIKE THE COMMIES ARE THROUGH PROBING— THIS MUST BE THE **REAL ATTACK!**

**PRELUDE TO ATTACK!** RED MORTARS GO INTO ACTION AGAINST THE HANDFUL OF GI'S, SHATTERING THEIR THIN RANKS, BREAKING DOWN THEIR WILL TO RESIST THE ATTACK TO COME!



AND IN THEIR HASTILY DUG POSITIONS THE GI'S NUMBLY CROUCH AGAINST THE HAIL OF DEATH RAINING DOWN UPON THEM!



IT'S MURDER, LITTLE HORSE! THE GUYS'LL BE WIPED OUT! C'MON, WE GOTTA STAMPEDE THE PONIES THROUGH THE REDS!



LASHED ON BY JOE AND LITTLE HORSE, THE **CRATED** PONIES STAMPEDE THROUGH THE RED RANKS, LEAVING DESTRUCTION AND TURMOIL IN THEIR WAKE! IMMEDIATELY, THE GIS ATTACK, AND...

GET GOIN',  
YOU PONIES,  
GIT!



... THE TIDE OF BATTLE TURNS!  
THE REDS ARE CRUSHED!



WELL, MULVANEY --  
WHADDAYA THINK  
OF LITTLE  
HORSE **NOW?**

HE'S A GOOD  
GUY-- EVEN IF  
HE NEVER SAYS  
NOTHIN'! HECK--  
HE CAN EVEN KEEP  
HIS LONG HAIR!

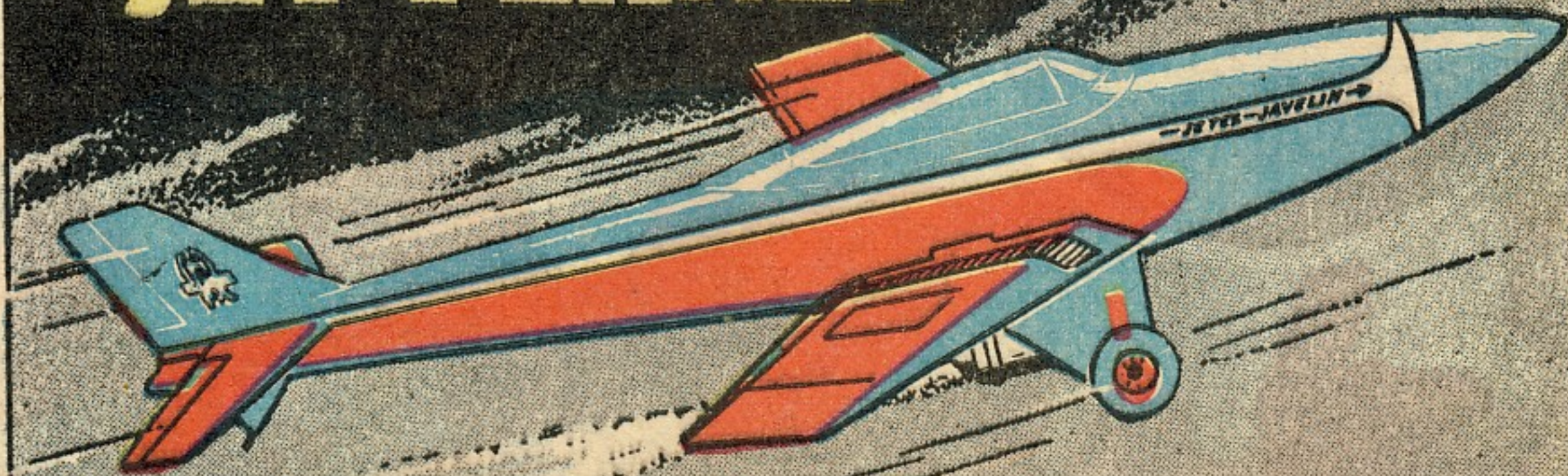
THANKS EVER SO  
MUCH, OLD CHAP... THESE  
LOCKS HAVE BEEN MY  
TALISMAN-- EVER SINCE I  
WENT TO COLUMBIA  
UNIVERSITY!



THE END



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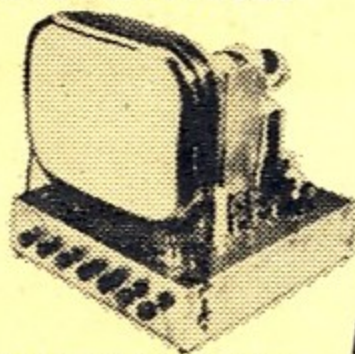
—Says R. C. Anderson, President of C.T.I.

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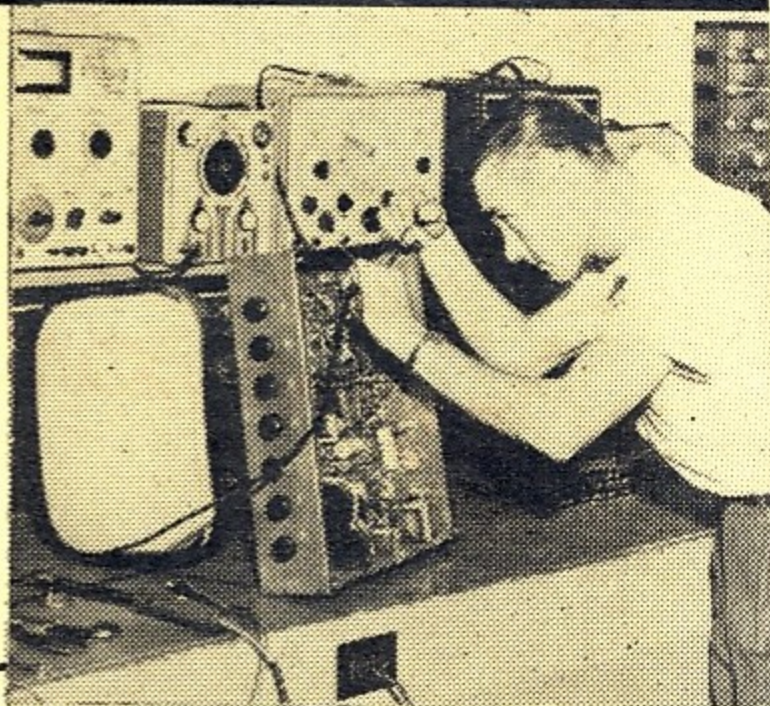
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